Hope for Portugal *Tad Szulc*

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—August 30, 1975, 50 Cents

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On Terrorism

Michael Walzer

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Vern Countryman on Alger Hiss
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TRB

from Washington ®
August 30, 1975

Reverting to Form

This month Washington politicians and reporters have tried in vain to enliven a listless summer with one-year-ago-today reminiscences, from the House Judiciary Committee and other quarters, designed to resurrect for anyone willing to listen, the events leading up to President Richard M. Nixon's resignation from office.

The product of that enterprise has been a spate of retrospective accounts, most of them offering no new insights, appearing under headlines such as "Rodino Looks Back at Impeachment Ordeal" and "A Year After, Members of Impeachment Panel Reflect."

At the same time there has been little public interest in what the Judiciary Committee is up to this summer. The committee's current doings show how much has—or, rather, has not—changed in the past year. Here is a small sample of what a one-year later chronology might well look like:

July 13: On this date in 1974, Philip A. Lacovara, counsel to the Watergate Special Prosecutor, appeared before the US Supreme Court to argue that Nixon should be compelled to surrender the tapes of his White House conversations to expedite a criminal investigation of the President and his staff. One year later Lacovara was lobbying members of the Judiciary Committee on behalf of a pharmaceutical firm that opposes a pending bill giving the states new authority to sue for treble-damages on behalf of their citizens corporations that violate the Sherman and Clayton antitrust laws.

July 24: One year ago the Judiciary Committee concluded months of closed hearings on Nixon's impeachment and opened proceedings to the public for the first time. That evening millions of television-viewing Americans were favorably impressed by the committee's thoughtful debate and somber acceptance of its constitutional responsibilities. On the same date this year, the committee voted to emasculate two crucial sections of the antitrust bill, which had been the subject of extensive lobbying not only by Philip Lacovara but also by the senior officers of many of the United States' largest corporations.

July 27: This was the date in 1974 when the Judiciary Committee took the historic action of voting 27-11 to forward to the full House the first article of impeachment against Nixon. One year later the committee continued more than six months of total inaction on two crucial pieces of reform legislation: one requiring full public disclosure of lobbying activities and expenditures and the other mandating financial disclosure on the part of all high-ranking officials of the executive, legislative or judicial branches of the federal government.

Several committee members said this year they were astounded by the contrast in Lacovara's two roles. "It made me realize how far we've come, how different things are only one year later," said one representative. But none of the legislators seemed to realize that they had undergone a similar metamorphosis. The committee's response to the antitrust legislation mentioned above is revealing.

New Job, New Clients

The antitrust bill was the subject of a heavy lobbying campaign by The Business Roundtable, a little known but influential organization whose membership includes the chief executive officers of the nation's 150 largest corporations. Committee members reported being beseeched by the presidents, board chairmen and other senior officers of firms such as Continental Can, Greyhound, Kennecott Copper, Olin, Whirlpool, Ford, General Motors and US Steel. Lacovara, now with the New York law firm of Hughes, Hubbard & Reed, appeared on behalf of a client, the Bristol-Myers Co., a major producer of over-the-counter drugs.

Within the committee, the leading proponent of The Business Roundtable's position was the man who provided the most effective defense of Nixon one year earlier, Rep. Charles E. Wiggins, a California Republican. His first success in gutting the measure came on an amendment to strike from the bill authorization for attorneys general to sue for antitrust damages inflicted upon the "general economy" of their states. Wiggins's motion carried 13-6, with the support not only of most of the Republicans but also the three southern Democrats whose endorsement of impeachment last year was a turning point in that debate—Reps. Walter Flowers of Alabama, James R. Mann of South Carolina and Ray Thornton of Arkansas.

Wiggins's second success came on an 18-12 vote in favor of his motion to amend the bill to specifically exclude payments of contingency fees to private attorneys retained by states to pursue antitrust cases. Only New York and California have attorneys general offices with budgets and staffs large enough to sustain their participation in antitrust litigation, which can last five years or more and cost millions of dollars.

There is much less to report about the bills requiring financial disclosure by lobbyists and government officials because the Judiciary Committee has not held hearings on them even though they have been pending for more than half a year. Flowers, the chairman of the subcommittee that has jurisdiction over the legislation, emphasized that he has been "in the forefront of the reform movement" ever since last year's impeachment decision, then proceeded to offer a variety of excuses for inaction on the bills, including his lack of enthusiasm for their concept of public accountability.

In summary there is disturbing evidence that what the public saw on television last summer does not typify the Judiciary Committee a year after impeachment. Perhaps the best explanation of what has happened in that period came from the committee's chairman, Rep. Peter W. Rodino Jr., a New Jersey Democrat, in one of those one-year-later interviews with *The Washington Star's* syndicated columnist Mary McGrory: "We haven't learned the lesson of impeachment. Instead of thinking of what's best for the country, we're just thinking of the next election. We haven't learned that if we are fair, and if we are decent and then resolve to do what is right and make the people privy to it, the people will understand and approve and accept."

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The Age of Rockefeller

Ronald Reagan has always been on the periphery of Republican presidential politics; a tireless speechmaker for Barry Goldwater, half-hearted candidate for the 1968 nomination, he seems to have drawn the conclusion that Gerald Ford is too liberal and should be jettisoned next year. Such an evaluation of the President might come as a surprise to his many adversaries in Democratic and left wing ranks, but Reagan has an estimable following around the country that is presumably ready to shift its allegiance to him when the word is given, and leave the incumbent in the White House high and dry.

Lately President Ford has been doing all that he can to prevent Reagan from happening. Reagan men, former associates of the governor and ideological soulmates, have been pushed into policymaking and sub-cabinet positions throughout the government, the theory being that a job will nullify opposition and Reagan's potential supporters will be divided in their loyalties. Nowhere has this ploy met with greater dismay than in the camp of Vice President Rockefeller, who has served haplessly as the President's lightning rod for conservative disaffection.

The instrument of the Vice President's torment is someone named Howard ("Bo") Callaway, who resigned as Secretary of the Army to run the President's election campaign. A former Democrat, Callaway served briefly in the House and is part of Georgia history for having managed to lose the 1966 Georgia gubernatorial race to Lester Maddox. Callaway recently remarked to reporters that the President may seek a "a younger man" to replace Rockefeller on the 1976 ticket. Rockefeller is 67 years old and would apparently be too old to serve as a "logical successor" to Ford in 1980.

Callaway's thoughts were, naturally enough, assumed to be the voice of his master. It is inconceivable that he would speak so boldly on so sensitive an issue without the imprimatur of the President, or the President's brigade of political advisers. Since his remarks, Callaway has back-tracked a bit, Rockefeller was invited to share an intimate dinner with the First Family marking the anniversary of Ford's accession, but the aftertaste remains.

This must be very painful for Nelson Rockefeller, a proud man if not a great one, who was swimming around in the pools of foreign and domestic affairs when "Bo" was losing his baby teeth into Georgia red

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clay. To add insult to injury, Callaway's list of replacements includes Rep. Jack Kemp (R, NY), a three-term congressman from Buffalo whose administrative experience extends to having once been the quarterback of Buffalo's professional football team. This is unquestionably a low blow to the Vice President, whose obsequious service to Gerald Ford deserves better than he has gotten at the hands of the White House. It is problematical whether coy disclaimers by Callaway and an occasional slap on the back for photographers are compensation. Rocky cannot have grown too philosophical about twisting slowly, slowly in the wind. Behind the grin lurks a sensibility that reels at the prospect of being thrown off the set, and thrown by the likes of Reagan.

Callaway's concern must also bother various statesmen whose public service has not always been performed in the bloom of youth: Ronald Reagan is now 64, Averell Harriman presided at the Paris peace talks at 77, Ellsworth Bunker was ambassador to South Vietnam in his 80s, Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott is 75. And what of the heavenly choir that must scratch its head in consternation at this libel on elderly men? There is the last two-term Republican President, Dwight Eisenhower, elected at 62; Everett Dirksen shared the congressional leadership with Gerald Ford when he was in his 70s. And there is Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.—he retired from the Court at the age of 91, and it was not because of ill health. There are many good reasons not to want Nelson Rockefeller reelected as Vice President. But all of them apply to Gerald Ford in spades.

Fame and Misfortune

Our hint for the week is if you value your privacy don't let your son get kidnapped. Because if that happens and if you also happen to be the wealthy chairman of Seagrams, you will have more to worry about than the life of a child and a $2.3 million ransom. The press—certainly *The New York Times*—will make sure once the story breaks that you never again have a moment's peace. This probably would be the case even if you weren't rich.

Public figures have no privacy. Although Edgar Bronfman is prominent, his name certainly was not widely known until his son became missing. Now Bronfman has had his picture on page one, and that's only the beginning. Graphic details make for good writing and journalists do think of themselves as writers. The *Times* thinks of itself as the newspaper of record, and in the Bronfman case it's seen fit to print not only every detail of the kidnapping, news of course, but also the various addresses of the Bronfmans. Maps and the text of stories on page 41 of the Sunday *Times* (August 17) gave the exact street address not only of Edgar Bronfman's two Manhattan penthouse apartments, but that of the Bronfman estate in Yorktown Heights and of Sam Bronfman's mother's house in Purchase, New York.

Robert D. McFadden of the *Times* knows the importance of vivid detail. But did he wonder for even a moment what purpose publishing all those Bronfman addresses would serve? Well, it will serve several purposes. Bronfman now will be visited by strangers,

Speaking of pirates . . .

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some of them deranged, some of them salesmen. He will receive letters from sympathizers, from lunatics, from security specialists. He'll get letters asking for money, making threats, sharing calamities. He will be a public man in the Kennedy sense, and all because he was the passive victim of extortionists and *The New York Times*.

Feeding the Kitty

Outmoded Social Security

Caspar Weinberger, the former Secretary of HEW, testified before a House Ways and Means subcommittee recently that the administration would offer no proposals in the next two years to meet the rapidly growing annual deficits of the Social Security system. In three years that deficit is expected to reach $14.6 billion. The chairman of the Social Security subcommittee, Rep. James Burke (D, Mass.), responded that Congress may ignore the administration and either raise the taxable wage base from $14,100 to $18,000 or increase the payroll tax rate from 5.85 percent to 6.5 percent. If this happen, Congress will again have permitted benefit increases to dictate tax policy.

In the past, each time benefits have increased, Congress has responded by raising one or both of the payroll tax mechanisms. Thus in 1955 the tax rate was two percent on a wage base of only $4200; in 1970 it was 4.8 percent on $7800 and in 1975 it is 5.85 percent on $14,000. In 20 years the maximum potential payroll tax per person has risen from $84 to $824. The payroll tax has more than doubled in the last five years, and a major reason can be found in the 1972 Church amendment that provides social security beneficiaries with automatic cost-of-living increases. This is the rule that granted the recent eight percent boost that's causing the annual deficits. While the current tax structure may have made sense when the rates were lower, the burden on those least able to pay has swollen to over $70 billion a year.

More of the same can no longer be tolerated; the current method of financing social security is the most regressive federal tax today. Three examples illustrate this. First, the tax rate is higher for those who earn less than $14,100 than for those above that level. A person earning $28,000 pays half the tax rate of someone earning, say, $2000. The average tax rate declines the more one earns over $14,100.

Second there are no deductions or exemptions with the payroll tax as there are with the income tax. Ability to pay isn't considered. Such mitigating factors as family size, poverty, casualty losses and high medical costs reduce one's income but not one's payroll tax.

Third the payroll tax applies only to income from wages, salaries and self-employment earnings. It does not tax the biggest source of income for the wealthy—capital gains, dividends, interest and income from property—as if these were inappropriate sources of revenue to support America's aged.

It would be hard to design a more unjust mechanism to finance the social security system. Many congressmen know this, but are reluctant to change a tax that is somewhat hidden, relatively popular and widely misunderstood. The public ought to realize what Congress already knows: social security is just another form of government aid. It isn't a pension plan that saves your premiums for you until you retire. The payroll tax supports retired people today by taxing working people today and promising to help them when they retire. The Supreme Court has ruled that payment of social security taxes in the past does not automatically guarantee one the right to collect benefits.

Rather than aggravate the burden of this inequitable tax by increasing it further, Congress should give immediate consideration to the major reforms proposed by Rep. Burke (whose bill now has 150 cosponsors in the House) and Sen. Gaylord Nelson (D, Wis.). The Burke plan would reduce the payroll tax rate to 3.9 percent, raise the taxable wage base to $25,000 and pay one-third of all social security benefits out of general revenues (largely income tax). By raising one-third of the revenue from this more equitable source, as well as by lowering the tax rate itself, the Burke bill would be a significant improvement. However it still would levy a payroll tax on those too poor to pay income taxes. Also dividends, capital gains, interest and other "unearned" income would still go untaxed.

The Nelson bill is preferable. It puts into the payroll tax structure two key features of the income tax: personal exemptions and the low income allowance. These reductions would end the payroll tax for those earning less than $4000 and ease the burden for those earning up to $8000. The exemptions are phased out above that level, and people earning more would get only slight relief through Nelson's proposed reduction of the payroll tax rate to 5.2 percent. General revenues would be used to pay for these reductions and presumably for all future benefit increases.

Reform of the financing of social security is a particularly good cause for Congress since the administration has vowed to do nothing in this area. Rewriting the tax laws is something Congress can get credit for. These proposals don't require a new bureaucracy or close technical analysis. They are comprehensible to every taxpayer. The reform would have an immense impact and would be felt in the paychecks of almost all working people before November, 1976.

Russell Goldsmith

Mr. Goldsmith is a Los Angeles lawyer.

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No Thanks to Henry Kissinger

Hope for Portugal

by Tad Szulc

Lisbon

Two old myths, it seems to me, have been demolished in Portugal in the last two weeks of convulsive, chaotic and fascinatingly Byzantine political developments. The first myth was that communism is invincible once a well-organized local Communist party, presumably abetted and encouraged by Moscow, grabs important levers of power—as the Portuguese Communist party was able to do for a time. The second one was that a small, underdeveloped country can "save" itself from communism *only* with active aid, overt and covert, from the US. With the obvious *caveat* that Portugal's situation is far from a final decision and that any number of wholly unpredictable events still may occur, the Communist party may already have been defeated in its bid for total power, and this has been accomplished by the Portuguese people themselves.

In my first report from Lisbon two weeks ago, I wrote that democracy's only hope in Portugal would be the resurgence of the moderate left in the ruling military establishment. The alternatives, I wrote, would be an extreme leftist takeover or a right wing coup, with the possibility of a civil war. As it turned out, however, the military moderates asserted themselves more quickly and effectively than anyone expected. This took the form of a public letter on August 7 to President Francisco da Costa Gomes from a group of nine highly respected army and air force officers led by the former Foreign Minister, Maj. Ernesto de Melo Antunes, opposing plans by pro-Communists in the regime to mold Portugal into a replica of an Eastern European state. The Antunes manifesto urged, instead, the creation of a Socialist democracy.

Circulated at once in all the military units and published in full in many Portuguese newspapers, the Antunes document attracted astoundingly widespread support in the officer corps; it was signed by hundreds of officers, including among the original signers at least two regional military commanders .The long critique of the Portuguese revolution contained in the Antunes letter was unquestionably the most important political event since the military overthrew the rightist dictatorship on April 25, 1974. It was a body blow to Gen. Vasco dos Santos Goncalves, the pro-Communist prime minister, whose resignation had been demanded for weeks by the opposition, and the worst defeat suffered in the last 16 months by Alvaro Cunhal, the secretary-general of the Portuguese Communist party, who had wrongly assumed that an alliance with the Goncalves military faction was the road to ultimate power. Cunhal, like Gonçalves, had grossly misinterpreted the mood in the armed forces and in the population at large. The Antunes manifesto also happened to coincide with a wave of mob attacks on Communist headquarters in some 40 towns in northern and central Portugal where the army, including elite security units, made virtually no effort to protect the Communists. Last Saturday Cunhal was trapped for hours at a stadium near Lisbon. At this writing, Gonçalves and his new strongly leftist cabinet (sworn in the day after the appearance of the Antunes letter) are still hanging on precariously, but the overall situation has changed dramatically.

What happens next is, of course, beyond prediction. Portugal remains caught in a vortex of powerful and contradictory forces, acting from both the left and the right, and engaging military as well as civilian political factions. The power struggle goes on although even the usually arrogant Senhor Cunhal has contritely offered to cooperate with any political party in the country, including the Socialists he detests, to solve the crisis. The fact that President Gomes refused to dismiss from their commands the officers who signed the Antunes document was not lost on Cunhal.

The Communist chief and his armed followers launched something of a "counter-offensive" last week, but they are now hopelessly outnumbered—and the country, including most of the military, is quite disillusioned with them.

In any event, the intense summer crisis appears to have proved already that it *is* possible for a society, even as totally disorganized as Portugal's, to cope successfully with a Communist takeover threat without a hand from the US Central Intelligence Agency whose active absence from the Portuguese scene was recently—and quite gratuitously—deplored by President Ford. This turn of events should tell us something about the real usefulness of the CIA in foreign covert operations.

That the Portuguese seem to have dealt rather effectively with their domestic Communists *despite* American attitudes toward them since the 1974 revolution (it certainly wasn't thanks to the US that they've done as well as they have) also serves to underscore how dangerously short-sighted and downright foolish were Washington's policies in Portugal during much of this period.

The most grievous error, it seems to me, was for

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Secretary of State Kissinger to assume almost from the outset that Portugal would inevitably be "lost" and, consequently, to isolate Lisbon at a time when the moderates here desperately needed outside understanding and help though clearly not in the form of CIA subversion. Curiously, Kissinger and Cunhal, for disparate reasons, were analyzing the Portuguese situation in the same fashion; for Kissinger it nearly became a case of self-fulfilling prophecies. What Kissinger evidently had in mind for a Communized Portugal was a political *cordon sanitaire*, a quarantine, so that Communist contagion would not spread across Southern Europe.

It was a complete misreading of the Portuguese picture. This point was hammered home to me in a long conversation last week by Mário Soares, the leader of the majority Socialist party (who dealt with Kissinger when he served as foreign minister during the first year of the revolutionary government) and by a number of other pro-democratic figures. Soares recounted how during his Washington visit in the autumn of 1974, Kissinger refused to seriously consider Lisbon's urgent requests for economic aid, apparently on the grounds that Portugal was moving toward communism and, therefore, should not be helped with American money. Soares took the view that not only was the US "giving up too soon on us," but also that it was creating a vacuum to be filled by the over-anxious Soviet Union. Soares spoke in sadness, rather than in anger, as he discussed the long US abdication of responsibilities toward the Portuguese moderates. He felt that Portugal's Democrats had been undercut by Kissinger for a long time through the denial of assistance to Portugal while the Communists could point to the support, political as well as financial, being provided by Moscow. Another Socialist leader told me: "You Americans almost pushed us into communism." Actually, the Soviet investment had been quite limited: even American diplomats here doubt that it exceeds two million dollars monthly.

There are reasons to believe that some salutary influence was exercised in recent months by Frank C. Carlucci III, the American ambassador to Lisbon, whom Kissinger picked last January for the post. Carlucci, who is highly respected here by fellow diplomats (including Communist envoys) as well as by most Portuguese military and political figures, refused to go along with Kissinger's view that Portugal was "lost," and proceeded to act accordingly. His discreet performance from the small American Embassy building on Lisbon's Duque de Loulé street—keeping channels open in all possible directions and staying extremely well informed—explains largely why the US enjoys a remarkably favorable position among the Portuguese notwithstanding Washington's overall policies. There is no noticeable anti-American sentiment in Portugal, surprising when one considers the history of US support for the ousted dictatorship, and even the Communists have refrained from taking political potshots at Carlucci.

There is, of course, a CIA station in the American Embassy here, but most of the intelligence effort is carried by the West Europeans, notably the British and the Dutch, who are said to have excellent contacts with the leftist moderates in the Portuguese armed forces. I was told, for example, that the Dutch and the British had a copy of the Antunes manifesto about the same time it was being delivered to President Gomes at Belém Palace in the morning of August 7. The American embassy had its own copy shortly thereafter, hours before the immensely outspoken opposition newspaper *Jornal Novo* stunned Lisbon by publishing the text in an extra edition late that evening. On August 10, Carlucci flew to Washington for four days of urgent consultations with Kissinger and the State Department following a private meeting with President Gomes.

On August 14, however, when the situation in Portugal began to turn in favor of the moderates in the wake of the Antunes pronouncement, Kissinger delivered in Birmingham, Alabama, a belated warning to the Russians to stay out of Portugal and made a belated pledge of support for Democratic forces here. All this, of course, should have been said many months ago, preferably before the Helsinki summit that brought together Ford and Soviet Communist party General Secretary Brezhnev. But Kissinger evidently was not prepared to spoil the Helsinki celebration by criticizing the Russians at their leaving his warnings for later. Besides his Birmingham speech suggested that he was conveniently jumping on Portugal's new Democratic bandwagon at the delicate time when Portuguese moderates would have been best served by silence from across the Atlantic. Given the fact that the Portuguese military moderates are all men of the left, Kissinger's sudden espousal of their cause struck many people here as being ill-timed and as grist for the mill of Communist and extreme leftist propaganda that now could claim (along with Moscow's protestations of injured innocence concerning its role in Portugal) that it was the US that was interfering in Portugal's domestic affairs. It might be added that the virtual ultimatum from the European Economic Community to withhold economic aid from Portugal until the emergence of a truly

COMING: The politics of succession—Tad Szulc from Madrid on Spain after Franco

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Democratic government was just as ill-advised. Threats of this kind were the last thing President Gomes, fighting to capture the middle ground in the midst of the raging crisis, needed from the West Europeans. *Pravda* in Moscow wasted no time in denouncing the EEC stand. Mário Soares's comment to me was that it was odd that Western Europe should become so concerned with Portuguese democracy after decades of ignoring the people of Portugal during the rightist dictatorship. There has been no more than a trickle of funds from Western Europe to support the pro-Democratic parties.

Ineptness, then, was the hallmark of both US and Western European attitudes toward the Portuguese crisis. In the context of Kissinger's own approach to it, particularly as it related to Soviet-American relations, it is useful to contrast his pre- and post-Helsinki statements on the subject:

- *Press Conference, Washington, July 25, 1975:* ". . . The original change in Portugal had nothing to do with the Communist party of Portugal or with the Soviet Union. That resulted from the colonial war and the inefficiency and lack of popular base of the previous authoritarian government . . . When the change occurred, the evolution it took also was largely due to internal Portuguese trends . . . To the extent that the Soviet Union is active in Portugal we consider it incompatible with the spirit of relaxation of tensions, and we will bring it to the attention of the Soviet leaders when we meet with them, as we already have brought it to their attention . . . However, again, it is an easy way out for us to blame everything that goes against our interests on Soviet machinations. We have also to consider the failures of the West to do what it can do."

- *Press Conference, Helsinki, July 30, 1975:* "The issue of Portugal did not come up directly in the talks (between Ford and Brezhnev) but in a general way about the principles that each side should carry out . . . We should keep in mind that détente cannot be used as a means of asking the Soviet Union to take care of all of our problems on our side of the line and a correct analysis of the situation in Portugal should emphasize . . . that many problems in Portugal have indigenous roots and others have to do with Western countries . . ."

- *Speech, Birmingham, Ala., August 14, 1975:* ". . . The US has never accepted that the Soviet Union is free to relax tensions selectively or as a cover for the pursuit of unilateral advantage. In Portugal, a focus of current concern, the Soviet Union should not assume that it has the option, directly or indirectly, to influence events contrary to the right of the Portuguese people to determine their own future. The involvement of external powers for this purpose, in a country which is an old friend and ally of ours, is inconsistent with any principle of European security. Events in Portugal have their origin in the dynamics of Portuguese history. But 80 percent of the Portuguese people have declared unmistakably their desire for a Democratic system and Democratic parties. The attempt by an anti-Democratic and doctrinaire minority to thwart this desire is meeting inevitable and growing popular resistance . . . We sympathize with those moderate elements who seek to build Portugal by democratic means. We will oppose and speak out against the efforts of a minority that appears to be subverting the revolution for its own purposes. The Portuguese people should know that we and all the Democratic countries of the West are deeply concerned about their future and stand ready to help a Democratic Portugal. And at some point we and our European allies must ask ourselves whether major Communist influence in a government is compatible with membership in an alliance dedicated to resisting Communist aggression. This Administration shall never forget the moral difference between freedom and tyranny."

That last remark, viewed historically speaking, was hardly convincing. But the serious question that may be asked at this point is what had changed so suddenly between July 25 and August 14 to lead Kissinger to recognize the Soviet involvement in Portugal, such as it is, and to declare the US readiness to "help a Democratic Portugal"? A possible answer is that the success of the Antunes movement made him conclude that perhaps Portugal was not lost after all, and that the time had come for the US to enter the fray. A second answer could be that after Helsinki—and the conservative and liberal criticism of the summit exercise—Kissinger had decided to engage in a bit of cold war rhetoric to protect the President's flanks on the right. Portugal was the perfect occasion.

On August 19, Ford, addressing the American Legion in Minneapolis, again linked Portugal with détente. This, in turn, coincided with an editorial in Pravda appealing to all Communists to come to the aid of their Portuguese comrades. Portugal, then, suddenly became a Cold War issue, just weeks after the signing of the Helsinki declaration of principles of European coexistence.

The US must face the deep uncertainties of the Portuguese situation. The quickening erosion of the Communist influence (the Party, paying for its initial power greed, is losing strength everywhere even in *Intersindical*, the labor confederation it suceeded in controlling last year) is only one part of the larger picture. As I suggested in my first Lisbon report, it is an oversimplification to regard the Portuguese power struggle as nothing but a contest between communism and Western democracy. Other forces and other ideas are involved in Portugal.

The overwhelming reality remains the power of the military. The rejection of Soviet-style communism by the majority of Portuguese officers does not mean that they are ready to deliver the power to the political parties. Prime Minister Gonçalves may be forced out

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any day, but it does not follow that Mário Soares will be invited to replace him even though his Socialist party won last April's congressional elections, enjoys the largest popular support, and can marshal the presence of vast crowds at its public rallies and demonstrations. Soares is the first to admit that his party, only three years old is not adequately organized. Along with the centrist Popular Democratic party (PPD), the Socialists can win at the polls (if there is another election) and exercise a significant degree of popular pressure. But since Soares and his colleagues resigned from the cabinet earlier this year, the Socialists hold no vital power centers. As the Communist-controlled *Intersindical* breaks up, Communists are being replaced by extreme leftists ("Maoists" and other far-left splinter groups as well as anarchists) in commanding position in the labor movement. The Socialists are doing better than before, but their organizational talents are still lagging. This, of course, is Soares's principal problem—and the paradox of Portuguese politics. Elsewhere the military holds key power positions. And it means to keep them.

Thus the likeliest candidates for premiership, if Gonçalves does go, are Adm. Victor Crespo and Maj. Antunes, with the former in the strongest position. Crespo was one of the nine original signers of the August 7 manifesto, but it should be noted that this document specifically rejects a Western European "social Democratic" solution for Portugal in favor of a vaguely defined "Socialist democracy." As far as all leftist officers are concerned, old-style capitalism, even under a political Democratic system, is clearly out of the question in Portugal.

Conversations with officers in the "moderate" faction indicate that their inclination is toward a military-run regime emphasizing far-reaching social changes, something on a Peruvian or Algerian model. This would eliminate elections on the theory that political battles would interfere with the progress of a "Socialist revolution." It may even rule out the considerable freedom of the press still being enjoyed in Portugal. A key officer noted in a recent conversation that while the post-1974 press law in Portugal is "the most liberal in Europe," it does not necessarily suit the needs of an "unstable society" and a "Socialist revolution." For one thing, he said, it allows "reactionaries" to subvert the "revolution".

Another ingredient in the Portuguese crucible is the personality of Gen. Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho, the flamboyant and mercurial chief of the military security forces (COPCON). Carvalho, who now is a member of the ruling three-man Directorate trying to run Portugal (President Gomes and Prime Minister Gonçalves are the other members), is attracted by the Cuban experience, having recently visited Havana. He talks about his sympathies for the extreme left and his identification with the "Third World," and a few days after the appearance of the Antunes manifesto, he issued his own proposal for a "workers'—soldiers'" state. This, of course, is an idea that the 240-man Assembly of the Armed Forces movement (MFA) approved in principle last July, but one that has not quite caught on either with the majority of Carvalho's brother officers or with the population. It is possible that Carvalho is playing the radical revolutionary card as a bargaining ploy in the current power struggle. But he may be serious about it, and this would cause further divisions in the armed forces. The "moderates," in fact, have been trying this week to bring their ideas closer to Carvalho's.

The Directorate itself may vanish once Gonçalves is gone, but President Gomes and the Antunes-Crespo "moderates" (Gomes has been working with them behind the scenes) must find a spot for Carvalho and his ideas. Carvalho has strong political ambitions, and, given the right conditions, he may make a bid for supreme power. There is talk of a Carvalho coup. Having done away with immediate Communist take-over dangers, if, indeed, they have, the Portuguese are now preparing for the next phase in the political maneuvering. It could be just as disconcerting and dangerous as the previuso period. Inevitably the Socialists and the PPD will fight the military leadership to assure themselves of participation in the Portuguese political process—and, again, the outcome is unpredictable.

Right wing perils cannot be ruled out, either. As President Gomes noted the other day, Portugal is really two countries—the North and the South—divided by the Tagus River. The two countries are linked at Lisbon by the imposing new bridge, first known as the Salazar Bridge and now renamed 25 of April Bridge. Lisbon is the hub of Portugal, but there is much more political and economic power in the conservative North than in the underdeveloped (and, therefore, more leftist) South. Portugal's most important cities aside from Lisbon are in the North: Porto, Coimbra, Braga, and so on. Lisbon is leftist in varying degrees, but non-Communist, as demonstrated in the failure of the Communist-organized general strike on Aug. 19.

It is in the cities and towns of the North that anti-Communist militancy has developed to such an extraordinary extent since early July. In Lisbon, where the Socialist party is the strongest, there has been no anti-Communist violence of this type mainly because Soares does not think that this is a useful way to score political points. The Socialists have been content so far with their ability to outdo the Communists in the size of crowds they control in the capital.

Aside from the rallies, I was struck by the fact that Lisbon are in the North: Porto, Coimbra, Braga and so capital I had ever seen. Except for the cacophony of political posters and signs, Lisbon looks the way it always did. There are no armed soldiers in the streets and almost no policemen. When Gonçalves inaugurated

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his new cabinet on August 8 (the fifth post-revolutionary cabinet), Belêm Palace on the outskirts of Lisbon was guarded only by a handful of relaxed paratroopers, their submachineguns casually slung from the shoulders. The young paratrooper who stood behind me, as I tried to peer from the outside terrace into the crowded room, had an enormous black cross hanging from his neck. The streets of Lisbon this summer were filled with people going about their business, crowding cafés and moderately-priced restaurants until all hours, and lining up in front of theaters and cinemas. The nearby beaches were crowded, and the highway from Lisbon to the seaside resorts was a huge traffic jam.

It would be imprudent, however, to ignore the right wing potential in the North where the burned out shells of Communist party headquarters attest to the conservative violence. The North, in fact, is sullen and angry. It fears *any* type of Socialist change: communism á la Moscow, radical or moderate. The power there is held by urban and rural *caciques* (political bosses) who prospered under the Salazar and Caetano dictatorships at the expense of the peasantry; the ultra-conservative Catholic Church (traditionally a pillar of Salazarism, except for a bishop of Porto who was exiled for his trouble); and the small bourgeoisie in the cities. It is not impossible that there are military officers in the North who quietly sympathize with the conservatives; this may be one reason the Communists received so little protection from the troops during the recent upheavals.

In other words the North is fertile ground for organizing a rightist counterrevolution if the uncertain rulers in Lisbon remain unable to govern the country adequately and continue to bog down in inconclusive ideological rivalries. Tactically, the Northern anti-Communist militancy was welcome to the Socialists (and perhaps even to the military moderates) in the battle against Cunhal's party and Prime Minister Gonçalves. But, in the long run, the conservatives of the North may turn against the Socialists, too, thereby creating a whole new set of political pressures. In these conditions—and if a plausible leader appears on the scene—a coup from the right is entirely possible. This could set off a civil war much more easily than the ongoing conflict between Communists and anti-Communists.

It is, indeed, remarkable how little bloodshed has occurred so far in the 16 months of the Portuguese revolution. The Portuguese, of course, are a gentle nation given to miracles of compromise. But this, too, must have its limits. Unless a generally acceptable political solution is attained soon, Portugal may start paying a price in blood for its revolution.

Random Murder

The New Terrorists

by Michael Waltzer

Conceived as a form of political warfare against the established order, terrorism is now about 100 years old. The terrorism of governments, of course, is much older and, except in histories of the French Revolution, is rarely given its proper name. But the terrorism of dissident groups has its origins in the 1860s. It has been a feature of far left and ultra-nationalist politics ever since, though its legitimacy has been much debated and many leading leftists and nationalists have condemned it. Throughout these debates it's been assumed that a single phenomenon was at issue: killing for a cause, strategic murder. In fact two very different activities are hidden here behind a single name, and in the years since World War II, terrorism has undergone a radical transformation.

Until about the middle of the 20th century, terrorism was most often a modernist version of the older politics of assassination—the killing of particular people thought to be guilty of particular acts. Since that time terrorism has most often taken the form of random murder, its victims unknown in advance and, even from the standpoint of the terrorists, innocent of any crime. The change is of deep moral and political significance, though it has hardly been discussed. It represents the breakdown of a *political code*, worked out in the late 19th century and roughly analogous to the laws of war, developed at the same time.

I can best describe this code by giving some examples

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of "terrorists" who acted or tried to act in accordance with its norms. I have chose three historical cases, from different parts of the world. The first will be readily recognizable, for Albert Camus made it the basis of his play *The Just Assassins.*

• In the 1870s, a group of Russian revolutionaries decided to kill a Czarist official, the head of a police agency, a man personally involved in the repression of radical activity. They planned to blow him up in his carriage, and on the appointed day one of their number was in place along his usual route. As the carriage drew near, the young revolutionary, a bomb hidden under his coat, noticed that the official was not alone; on his lap he held two small children. The revolutionary looked, hesitated, decided not to throw his bomb; he would wait for another occasion. Camus has one of his comrades say, accepting this decision: "Even in destruction, there's a right way and a wrong way—and there are limits."

• During the years 1938-39, the Irish Republican Army waged a bombing campaign in Britain. In the course of this campaign, a republican militant was ordered to carry a pre-set time bomb to a London power station. He traveled by bicycle, the bomb in his basket, took a wrong turn, and got lost in the maze of London streets. As the time for the explosion drew near, he panicked, dropped his bike, and ran off. The bomb exploded, killing five passers-by. No one in the IRA (as it was then) thought this a victory for the cause; the men immediately involved were horrified. The campaign had been carefully planned, according to a recent historian of the IRA, so as to avoid the killing of innocent bystanders.

• In November, 1944, Lord Moyne, British Minister of State in the Middle East, was assassinated in Cairo by two members of the Stern Gang, a right wing Zionist group. The two assassins were caught minutes later by an Egyptian policeman. One of them described the capture at his trial: "We were being followed by the constable on his motorcycle. My comrade was behind me. I saw the constable approach him . . . I would have been able to kill the constable easily, but I contented myself with . . . shooting several times into the air. I saw my comrade fall off his bicycle. The constable was upon him. Again I could have eliminated the constable with a single bullet, but I did not. Then I was caught."

What is common to these three cases is a moral distinction, a line drawn between people who can and people who cannot be killed—the political equivalent of the line between combatants and noncombatants. The obliteration of this line is the critical feature of contemporary terrorism. In former times children, passers-by and sometimes even policemen were thought to be uninvolved in the political struggle, innocent people whom the terrorist had no right to kill. He did not even claim a right to terrorize them; in fact his activity was misnamed—a minor triumph for the forces of order. But today's terrorists earn their title. They have emptied out the category of innocent people; they claim a right to kill anyone; they seek to terrorize whole populations. The seizure of hostages (barred now in wartime) symbolizes a general devaluation of human life, which is most clearly expressed when the terrorist's victims are not held for ransom but simply killed. A bomb planted on a streetcorner, hidden in a bus station, thrown into a cafe or pub: this is a new way of taking aim, and it turns groups of people, without distinction, into targets.

I don't want to recommend assassination. It is a vile politics; its agents are usually gangsters (and sometimes madmen) in political dress. But we do judge assassins to some degree by their victims, and when the victims are Hitler-like in character, agents of oppression and cruelty, we may even praise the assassin's work. It is at least conceivable, though difficult, to be a "just assassin," while just terrorism is a contradiction in terms. For the assassin fights a limited war: he aims at known individuals and seeks specific political and social changes.

The new terrorism, on the other hand, is a total war against nations, ethnic groups, religions. Its strategic goals are the repression, exile or destruction of entire peoples. Thus the victory of the FLN in Algeria forced the emigration of the French *colons,* while the victory of the OAS would have brought savage repression for Algerian Arabs. If the Provisional IRA were ever to triumph in Northern Ireland, the majority of Protestants would have to leave. The PLO would destroy the Israeli state and force most of its citizens into exile, if it were able. Such goals cannot be kept secret; they are the unmistakable message of random murder—whatever the official program of the terrorist group. The line that marks off political agents from uninvolved men and women, officials from ordinary citizens, is critically important. Once it has been crossed, there is no further line to draw, no stopping place beyond which people can feel safe. Terrorism is the ultimate lawlessness, infinitely threatening to its potential victims, who believe (rightly, it seems to me) that no compromise is possible with their would-be murderers.

And yet terrorists operate today in what has to be called a permissive atmosphere. Statesmen rush about to make bargains with them; journalists construct elaborate *apologias* on their behalf. How is this indefensible activity defended? It is said that contemporary terrorists are not doing anything new; they are acting as revolutionaries and nationalists have always acted, which is demonstrably false. It is said that terrorism is the inevitable product of hardship and oppression which is also false. Both these statements suggest a loss of the historical past, a kind of ignorance or forgetfulness that erases all moral distinctions along with the

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men and women who painfully worked them out. Finally it is said that random murder is an effective political strategy; the terrorist will win the day—which, if true, is the most frightening assertion of all, less a defense of the terrorist, than an indictment of the rest of us.

"The revolution," says one of Camus' characters, "has its code of honor." At least it once had. Political militants struggling against forms of oppression as cruel as anything in the contemporary world taught one another that there are limits on political action: everything is not permitted. These were not necessarily gentle, or even good, people. Many of them were all too ready to kill officials, collaborators, traitors to the cause. In discussing means and ends, they were often ruthless and, once in power, they were often tyrannical. But except for a few deranged individuals, seizing hostages and killing children lay beyond their ken, outside the range of their strategic considerations. They did not want the revolution to be "loathed by the whole human race."

Today, in many parts of the world, radical politics has been taken over by thugs and fanatics. One of the reasons they are as strong as they are is that the rest of us have lost the courage of our loathing. To deal with terrorists, police work is necessary; so is intelligence work, and all the security devices of an advanced technology. But none of these will be enough unless we can also restore a collective sense of the moral ugliness of terrorism. For the moment we are only confused: frightened, defensive, weakly indignant. The American consul in Kuala Lampur, released in Libya by the "Red Army" a few weeks ago, earnestly told reporters that his captors had been "perfect gentlemen." I suppose he was grateful not to have been beaten or shot, but the description could not have been more inaccurate. Prepared to kill some 50 hostages, already responsible for acts of murder in Japan, Western Europe and Israel, these were revolutionaries entirely without honor. Nothing is more important than to recall the code that they have consciously rejected. It is, to be sure, little more than the minimal standard of political decency. But reasserting minimal standards would right now be a great advance for civilization.

Back in the Bar

One Small Step for Alger Hiss

by Vern Countryman

In January, 1950, a federal jury in New York City convicted Alger Hiss of perjury. The case, which ranked with the Rosenberg case and Smith Act prosecutions among judicial proceedings during the McCarthy era, was a shocking one. Hiss, a brilliant 1929 graduate of the Harvard Law School, former secretary to Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., one of the draftsmen of the United Nations Charter, and president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace at the time of his indictment, was found guilty of lying to a federal grand jury when he denied that he had in 1938 given copies of State Department documents to Whittaker Chambers for transmission to Russia. He was sentenced to five years in federal prison.

Although his conviction was affirmed on appeal and the Supreme Court declined to review the case, many (including me) persist in the belief that he was wrongly convicted. Some of these doubters (not including this writer) are personal friends of Hiss, who simply believe him incapable of espionage. Others (and hereto include myself) find the frequently contradictory and often revised testimony of Chambers, Hiss' sole accuser, unbelievable. But Chambers's testimony was seemingly corroborated. Hiss' lawyers located and produced at the trial a typewriter that he identified as one he had owned but disposed of long before his indictment. And an FBI expert testified that copies of documents Chambers claimed to have received from Hiss (including some that Chambers allegedly retrieved from a hollowed-out pumpkin on his Maryland farm and placed in the eager hands of House UnAmerican Activities Committee member Richard Nixon) had been typed on that typewriter.

Those who doubt Hiss' guilt tend to subscribe to one

Vern Countryman is Royall Professor of Law at Harvard and the author of *The Judicial Record of Justice William O. Douglas* (Harvard University Press).

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of two theories: 1) that Hiss withheld testimony that would have exculpated him in order to shield someone else; 2) that the typewriter located by Hiss' lawyers was not the one formerly owned by Hiss but one planted by government agents for the lawyers to find—a machine with typeface deliberately and skillfully altered so that an expert would believe it to be the Hiss machine. The "forged typewriter" theory was first advanced by counsel for Hiss in an unsuccessful motion for a new trial and is still endorsed by Hiss, who in early June filed an action against the government under the Freedom of Information Act in an effort to document his theory and perhaps obtain a presidential pardon. In response to that action Attorney General Levi has given Hiss copies of the documents produced by Chambers.

At the time of his conviction Hiss was licensed to practice law in the courts of the states of Massachusetts and New York and before the US Supreme Court. As a consequence of the conviction, he was disbarred in all three places.

A similar fate was met by other lawyers during the McCarthy period. Abraham Isserman, who represented Smith Act defendants, and was held in contempt by the querulous and hypochondriacal Judge Harold Medina, was disbarred by the Supreme Court of New Jersey, and suspended from practice for two years by the federal district court in which he had appeared. His co-counsel, Harry Sacher, was also held in contempt, and was first suspended for two years and then disbarred by the same federal district court, but the supreme court, which had affirmed the contempt convictions, reversed Sacher's disbarment as "unnecessarily severe." Maurice Braverman, after he was convicted under the Smith Act of conspiring to advocate forcible overthrow of the government and to organize the Communist party of the United States for that purpose, was disbarred by the courts of Maryland and by the federal district court in that state. Leo Steiner, who invoked his privilege against self-incrimination when called to testify before the Senate Internal Securities subcommittee, was not disbarred although the state of Florida took him three times to the state supreme court in an attempt to do so.

Isserman and Braverman did not remain disbarred. Nine years after Isserman's disbarment the New Jersey Supreme Court reinstated him because of two "incongruities" in the case: 1) "other courts refused to disbar Isserman notwithstanding disbarment in his home state" and 2) "Isserman, whose misconduct was relatively of smaller dimensions, is the only attorney in the [Smith Act] case who suffered extreme disciplinary sanction." Braverman, after 19 years of disbarment, was reinstated by the Maryland Court of Appeals last year. The court found that he had, after serving a three-year prison term and resigning from the Communist party, so conducted himself in business and in civic works as to have demonstrated that he was rehabilitated, even though he maintained that he had never believed in or conspired to advocate forcible overthrow and had been wrongly convicted. He did not fare as well in his attempt to obtain reinstatement to practice before the federal district court in Maryland, however. That court, in a curious opinion handed down last June, met Braverman's protestations of innocence by reviewing and approving the record of his 1952 conviction in the same court, rejecting as untrue his present assertion that he did not believe in the 1940s and early 1950s that the Communist party of the United States advocated resort to force and violence, and concluding that he was not rehabilitated.

Meanwhile Hiss, after serving 44 months in federal prison, was released for good behavior in 1954. His next two years were spent writing a book published in 1957—*In the Court of Public Opinion*—in which he again proclaimed his innocence but in which he produced no significant new facts about his case. In 1956 he obtained employment with a manufacturer of women's hair accessories but that business went into bankruptcy in 1959. The following year he obtained the job he still holds, selling stationery and printing on commission. That employment yielded him between $10,000 and $12,000 a year, but his commissions have dropped to about $8000 in the past two years because, with the expiration of prison release restrictions, he has been able to accept invitations to lecture at various colleges and universities here and abroad from which he receives fees of $2000 to $3000 a year. Since 1972 he has also received $90 a month in Civil Service retirement benefits after a federal court held unconstitutional as an *ex post facto* law the "Hiss Act" of 1954 by which Congress forbade the payment of such benefits to any person convicted of perjury with respect to any attempt to endanger national security. But, the Massachusetts Board of Bar Overseers was later to observe, "The financial returns have not been generous as compared to earnings of a successful lawyer."

Last November, 24 years after his conviction, Hiss, now 70 years old, filed a petition for reinstatement to practice in Massachusetts. This petition was referred to the Board of Bar Overseers, consisting of private attorneys appointed by the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court, for a hearing and recommendations to the court for final disposition. Hiss had his hearing before the board last January. No one appeared in opposition, so that the efforts of the board's attorney were pretty well confined to cross-examining the witnesses who appeared for Hiss.

Hiss' witnesses were impressive. They were Harvard Law School Professors Victor Brudney (who first met Hiss after his release from prison and had known him socially since) and Richard Field (who was a classmate of Hiss in law school), Boston attorney Richard Wait (whose firm had once employed Hiss), two New York lawyers who had worked on Hiss defense team in the perjury case, Helen Buttenweiser and Robert Von

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Mehren, and Hiss' present employer. All of the lawyer witnesses gave Hiss high marks for legal competence. And, although they accepted the board's view that it could not inquire into the merits of the federal perjury conviction, they all testified that, apart from that conviction, everything they knew about Hiss before and since evidenced the highest moral character. Helen Buttenweiser added that, although Hiss and his wife, Priscilla, had separated shortly after his release from prison, Hiss had provided support for and maintained a fine relationship with their son, and with Priscilla's son and Hiss' stepson. Hiss' employer testified to the high degree of competence and integrity Hiss brought to his work and to the excellent relationships he maintained with his customers and fellow workers. Supporting letters or affidavits were submitted by Erwin Griswold, former dean of the Harvard Law School and former solicitor general of the United States, New York lawyer Eli Whitney Debevoise, Washington lawyers Benjamin V. Cohen, Charles Horsky and Joseph Fanelli, and retired Supreme Court Justice Stanley Reed.

The principal witness, of course, was Hiss himself. He explained that his purpose in seeking reinstatement to practice was not to "hang out a shingle" but that he hoped to get consulting work from other lawyers in the fields of international law, constitutional law and federal legislation. He lost no time in informing the board that he was still of the view that he was erroneously convicted but declared that he felt no bitterness toward Chambers, whom he considered "not a man of sound mind," and that he still believed "that ours is the finest judicial system there is" although "I know it made a mistake in my case."

But members of the board were concerned about a prior decision of the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court in the case of one Keenan, disbarred (but apparently not convicted) in 1934 for bribing jurors and denied reinstatement in 1943. Keenan had presented evidence that he had, after his disbarment, established a successful insurance business and he submitted character testmonials from over 50 witnesses, although the court observed that "many, though not all, of the witnesses had little or no opportunity to form the opinions they were ready to express." In denying reinstatement the court declined to decide whether there are some offenses so heinous as to bar reinstatement of an attorney forever, but observed that to overcome the original disbarment "requires little less than absolute assurance of a complete change of moral character," which it found Keenan had not presented. It also observed that there was little evidence of repentance or reform since Keenan's position was "that he would recognize the binding character of the [disbarment] decision, but that he had never in fact been guilty as charged and could not repent for what he did not admit." A member of the board referred to the language of the Keenan case about "absolute assurance of a complete change of moral character" and asked Hiss, "if that is still the law in Massachusetts," how it affected his case. Hiss bit the bullet: "I would say that I am ineligible. I am the same person I have been, I believe, throughout my life. If that's the law of Massachusetts, I am excluded."

In its report to the Supreme Judicial Court the board concluded that Hiss could meet required standards of competence if he took a refresher course prescribed by it, but that was its only finding in his favor. "Accepting . . . the finality of the judgment and of the verdict in Mr. Hiss' case, it follows logically that, even admitting the possibility of a failure of justice, the petitioner cannot show that he repents or has reformed so long as he continues to insist on his innocence. Strict application of logical principles might, in fact, lead to the conclusion that petitioner gives evidence of his present lack of moral character when he testifies to his innocence of the original charge in the face of a conviction which this board . . . must accept as establishing the fact of his guilt." In short it was "logically impossible" for Hiss to satisfy Massachusetts law "as the board conceives the law to be" from its reading of the Keenan case. In view of the outstanding conviction, "all the other evidence of his present character cannot be of any weight."

True, "the logic stated may seem mechanistic—at least syllogistic—but the board believes it is bound to approach this problem in the manner indicated." True also, the board felt "personal sympathy for Mr. Hiss, his upright and persuasive bearing, humility and reasonableness," and "if it were free to consider the matter in the absence of the only evidence to the contrary (the conviction), would unanimously find that Mr. Hiss is presently of good moral character." But the law would not permit such a finding "when such a conviction remains in the balance, so long as we are legally unable to consider its correctness and factually unable to grapple fairly with that issue, and so long as the petitioner asserts his innocence, at least."

No one involved was happy with the board's treatment of the case. The board's attorney filed a brief with the court rejecting the notion that repentance was essential to a showing of good moral character, but urging the court to hold that conviction of the crime of perjury involving breach of public trust and espionage should perpetually bar reinstatement. The Boston Bar Association filed a brief that took no position on Hiss' reinstatement but that attacked the board's "logic" and its reading of the Keenan case. The brief filed by counsel for Hiss pinpointed where the board's "logic" led: "If we assume that petitioner knows in his own mind and conscience that he was not guilty of the offense, the [board's] syllogism leaves him on the horns of a hopeless dilemma. He can either accept the finality of his disbarment and at least retain his own self-respect and personal integrity; or he can now falsely admit that he was guilty of the original charge, and

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claim that he has since repented and has undergone the required complete change of his moral character." Instead of the board's draconian logic, the court was asked to follow the approach stated by the hearing panel and apparently accepted by the Maryland Court of Appeals when it reinstated Maurice Braverman despite his continued protestation of innocence of the charge that led to his disbarment: "Since petitioner is adamant in his belief in his innocence, he is consistent in not expressing any repentance. While he seems to hinder his course by not taking what might be the easier way of confession and contrition, the intellectual honesty of his position must be recognized. . . . We find his conduct since conviction to be totally inconsistent with the probability of a repetition of his previous misconduct. We believe this constitutes reformation."

On August 5, the Supreme Judicial Court ordered Hiss reinstated to practice in Massachusetts. Although it viewed Hiss' 1950 conviction as "conclusive evidence of his lack of moral character *at the time*," it rejected the board's "logic" and its reading of the Keenan case because "honest men would suffer permanent disbarment under such a rule." It also rejected the argument of the board's attorney that any offense was so grave as to bar reinstatement forever. The test for reinstatement, as for original admission to practice, was held to be present good moral character and Hiss, by his own "forthright and principled" testimony and by that of his other witnesses had provided "abundant support" for a finding of present good character.

Perhaps Hiss will now apply for readmission in New York. And perhaps before the courts of that state deal with his application they will have disposed of the disbarment of Richard Nixon.

Doing What He Thinks is Right

Can Udall Count?

by Paul R. Wieck

Arizona's only presidential candidate, Rep. Morris Udall (D) is a product of what campaign organizer types snidely call the "small state mentality." At home he's an accomplished politician, a "liberal" in the context of the state's predominant conservatism. He built a strong following in his Tucson-based congressional district in the years Goldwaterism was exploding on the national scene. But to do so Udall had to master the informal and often highly personalized politics of the area. And as a liberal he had to tread cautiously on the "issues" to avoid polarizing an electorate that's responsive to conservative pet causes. On the national scene, Udall's approach translates into a "centrist" style.

It made a Muskie man of Udall in 1972, an early one. He was appalled by the tactics of McGovern's managers, who polarized the party to arouse the liberal-left and win the nomination much as the Goldwaterites did in 1964, only to be crushed in the election. Udall was determined his own campaign wouldn't be a repeat. The result: in the early months he preached "unity" *ad naseum*, hid behind too many jokes, relied too heavily on his towering presence and likable personality. He was often brusque with McGovernites. It disappointed a lot of his long-time admirers and many of the activists who flocked to hear him. "He didn't say anything. It was insulting," many complained. "What's his theme?" More important, it wasn't Udall.

Udall is the product of a blend of cultural influences — primarily the Mormon society that flourished in the West and, in Udall's case, one that lived side-by-side with the Spanish-speaking community. The scene was small-town, set in the rugged high plateau known as the "hard scrabble" country of northeast Arizona, just below the expansive Navajo reservation. His grandfather was an early member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (Mormon), a practicing polygamist (two wives; Udall has 114 first cousins) and a pioneer in Arizona. The Udalls and their fellow Mormons found it a country where a man works for everything he gets, where the community is very close-knit. Scarcity — of water, vegetation, resources — was a fact of life the pioneers learned to cope with.

Udall's father — the "old judge" as the family calls him — was a career jurist, a man who chose not to join a Phoenix law firm where he might have found affluence but, instead, to devote himself to community service. Next to his career as a jurist, he put service to his church, becoming president of the Arizona Stake

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(something akin to a diocese). By 1946 he was liked well enough to be elected to the Supreme Court of Arizona.

He was careful not to prod his sons to follow in his footsteps; Udall recalls his parents taught by example rather than by bringing to bear the pressures often used in the home. His mother worked among the Hopi Indians, a small, theocratic tribe whose lands are surrounded by the Navajo reservations and, later, wrote a book on her experiences with a Hopi woman who was her friend. Udall emerged from this upbringing with a creed he regards as essential to understanding him — "the perfectibility of man. I believe in seizing every opportunity to perfect yourself."

Morris and his brother Stewart Udall played leapfrog with their political careers. "Mo" was the first to run and be elected to office — the county attorneyship in Tucson. He seemed intent on following in his father's footsteps and, a few years later, ran for county judge. However, he lost, he says, because of a ballot fluke: the new voting machines listed his name in the bottom right corner where his friends couldn't find it. He lost in Tucson and ran strongly in the rural, paper-ballot precincts. Next it was Stewart Udall's turn. He won a seat in Congress in the '50s and held it until 1961 when John F. Kennedy, the man the Udalls helped win the nomination in 1960, named him Secretary of Interior. Mo then took over the House seat.

Udall's House seat wasn't warm before he started looking around for things to reform. (He'd just finished revamping Arizona's juvenile code.) He joined the Democratic Study Group and played a lead role in organizing seminars for freshman members. He was named to the Post Office and Civil Service Committee and eventually moved up to the chairmanship, becoming one of the architects of postal reform, a plan that stripped Congress of its patronage. Today Udall will tell you that's one project that didn't work out, a valuable lesson for any reformer. "I was too optimistic," he concedes. "I was too ready to dump the whole problem on a non-partisan, non-political, business-oriented board. Nixon and Blount [then postmaster general] didn't grasp the concept. They brought in business types whose answer to every problem was to order new machinery. It became a politics-as-usual thing." Today he doesn't claim to have a definitive answer as he did when postal reform was a "good guy" issue. He'll tell you one of the keys is increasing productivity by raising the morale among postal workers. Udall sees that as a critical issue throughout government: "We have to find new, innovative ways of making workers feel they're doing something important, of giving them psychic rewards."

His views of the regulatory agencies, created as "good guy" issues, have also changed. He sees the Interstate Commerce Commission (ICC), the Civil Aeronautics Board, the Maritime Commission, as approaches that have outlived their usefulness. Take ICC. It was designed to unloose the stranglehold railroad magnates had on the economy; however, the railroads have declined and ICC is now in the business of putting floors under, rather than ceilings on, prices. Competition is stifled. Udall favors one new agency with a mandate to encourage competition, a "consumer-oriented agency."

In 1967 Mo Udall was one of the first House members to speak against US involvement in Vietnam. Stewart Udall was still in LBJ's cabinet. One evening, Mo went to see his brother and tell him he'd decided the venture in Vietnam was a mistake, that he felt he should come out against it. Mo wanted to give his brother an opportunity to say it would destroy him because LBJ would never understand why he (Stewart) couldn't control his kid brother. But Stewart didn't do that. He told Mo to do what he thought was right. Mo promptly came out against the war and used his congressional newsletter to explain why.

The House, which is less ego-ridden and more informal than the Senate, was an ideal forum for Udall. His colleagues perceived him as an intelligent, creative legislator, issue-oriented but not an ideologue. If a friend couldn't go along with him on a piece of legislation, he didn't take it personally. He became one of the most popular members of the House. By December of 1969 he was ready to test his popularity. He announced that he was running against Speaker McCormack over Christmas. In the election McCormack beat him handily but, two years later, retired. Udall then challenged his successor, the late Hale Boggs. This time he had real hopes of winning. A couple of days before the vote, he released a list of over 100 members who'd told him they'd support him. It took the press only a few hours to find the first one on the list to say, "Mo must have misunderstood." His support started to crumble and he lost on the second ballot. Udall was crushed as much by the fact he misread the intentions of his colleagues as by his defeat. He wondered whether he had a future in the House and toyed with the idea of quitting at the end of that term. His path upward to the Senate was blocked by two GOP incumbents and the deeply conservative nature of the Maricopa County (Phoenix) vote. In addition he was saddled with the charge he couldn't "count."

There's no doubt Udall and the people around him are too ready to translate friendly gestures into commitments, as happened when he took on Boggs. It's a weakness. But it goes deeper than that. Udall concedes he's not a legislator in the LBJ-Bobby Baker style. "I don't relish twisting arms. I can do it but I don't like it. I prefer persuasion. LBJ and Baker were master vote counters because they believed there was some way you could get to everyone, something you could deny them." He insists FDR was a great leader "not because he could count but because he could chart new courses, persuade people to follow him, speak to a broader forum, give leadership."

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Udall bounced back from this defeat to create with Rep. John Anderson (R,Ill.) the matching fund plan for presidential primaries. He took the lead in land use and strip mining legislation, losing the first round on both counts after compromising again and again. In the end his compromises didn't help. His bipartisan coalition of conservationists fell apart in the face of a presidential veto. Nevertheless Udall's fight to override that veto was one of the better performances in the 94th Congress.

Udall was gently shoved into the presidential race by a group of colleagues who'd come to respect him and thought he was as good as any senator around. In the spring of 1974 a group of them signed a statement urging him to run. He was interested but a little timid. He was, after all, an obscure House member. It has been nearly four decades since the House produced a serious contender for President — the late Speaker John Nance Garner, candidate of press lord William Randolph Hearst in 1932. Privately Udall feared he would suffer ridicule, the deadliest weapon in politics. I asked him about this in the summer and fall of 1974. He spoke quietly of the "arrogance of starting out and saying you're going to be President."

By late fall Udall was getting a response on the hustings, specifically in New Hampshire where he walked away with commitments from a handful of key people. Then Sen. Walter Mondale, (D, Minn.) pulled out of the race. Mondale was stronger than he had realized himself, and his departure left a big gap. The party's liberal wing began an earnest search for a candidate. Before he knew it, Udall was saying "damned right I'm running. I'm as good as the others."

It was time for a new strategy. There were huddles throughout January to talk about a new "high risk" plan. Translated it meant trying to win on the first ballot by concentrating on the early primary and caucus states in hopes of starting a bandwagon effect. Udall was also beginning to get a feel for his own campaign. He was coming into his final stage, which he describes as a "positive, firm confidence about where you're at. It was in the spring when I really began to feel that confidence in myself. Fundamentally, it was a matter of issues." Could he pinpoint it? Yes. It was in April. Again, New York. He met with the editorial board of *The New York Times* for an in-depth interview, in Udall's mind "the big league," and walked out feeling good.

Udall focused his approach on his conviction that three eras are coming to an end and that this convergence is the cause of confusion and unrest. First he says the 30-year Cold War reached a climax in the Vietnam debacle, and is now over. The country must identify "selective areas of concern" such as the Middle East, Berlin (read Western Europe), Korea (read Japan). But it must no longer tumble to the demands of every dictator who claims to be anti-Communist. Next he reports the "imperial presidency" and the cynicism it engendered must end, and the chief executive must play the role of "first citizen." Finally he believes a 30-year cycle of growth for the sake of growth has finished, and with it, the belief that any problem caused by growth can be solved by more growth. The cycle was fed by cheap energy, cheap land, abundant resources of every kind. It's over. Udall believes the country faces changes at least as fundamental as those that faced FDR in the '30s.

By this summer Udall had qualified in 20 states as an official candidate under the new financing law (5000 in contributions of $250 or under) and had hopes of building a one million dollar war chest by January 1. Then he'll get matching federal money for it, handy for those early primaries. His monthly budget of $8000 to $10,000 in January grew to $40,000 to $50,000 in July. Six new field slots were budgeted — one for New Hampshire (bringing it to four), two for California (two months ahead of schedule), two for New York and one for Denver. Larger headquarters were rented. In New Hampshire Udall's supporters were organizing by towns as early as May, well ahead of the McGovern schedule. In Wisconsin he was drawing strength from all elements of the party, including five of the seven Democratic congressmen and the state treasurer. In Iowa, the first caucus state, he signed up top Muskie and McGovern organizers from 1972. He was making headway in New York, which moves to an early primary, and Massachusetts.

Udall's convinced he's found his stride, important for a man who is essentially a long distance runner. But the race is just getting underway. He's still a Mormon from Arizona, a description which has a foreign ring in the inner cities where a Democrat must flush out big majorities. He's close to the Spanish-speaking in his home state, a plus in the Southwest, including California. But what of the black ghettoes in the North? After all, Mormon theology denies blacks priesthood in the church. Udall has openly split with his church on that and other issues, including population control and women's rights. But it will take a while for the facts to catch up with the prejudices.

As in the summer of 1971, there's a widespread feeling that the Democrats don't have a candidate. This has encouraged speculation about Humphrey and Muskie, both of whom have said they won't contest the primaries but would be available to a brokered convention. There's also talk of Ted Kennedy running, which even Kennedy can't stop.

Udall's aides aren't bothered by this. They're convinced the next couple of months are the key ones, that a late entrant will find too many workers already signed up and too little money readily available. They've done well with direct mail, which takes months to organize, and they expect to continue at this pace. Moreover they think of what might have happened. A year ago, it was a breakthrough for Udall to be included in the list of candidates, let alone on a poll.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Maybe?

A tremendous conceptual change may be coming in the film world, particularly in America. Two recent announcements are something more than straws in the wind.

In my review of *Nashville* (*TNR*, June 28, '75) I mentioned that I had seen a TV interview with Robert Altman in which he said that, when the time came, he planned to re-edit the film for TV; he would weave in material that he had been forced to delete from the theatrical version and would transform the three-hour picture into a four-part eight-hour TV series.

This struck me as an interestingly pragmatic idea for the further exploitation of a big hit. Since then Paramount has announced the sale of both *Godfather* films to TV for the 1976 season and says that Francis Ford Coppola will do much the same thing with his two films that Altman plans with *Nashville*. Coppola will re-edit and re-assemble the *Godfather* pictures and will incorporate a lot of material that was cut because of the demands of theater running-time. He said he wanted to do this work because some of his favorite scenes had been deleted from the theater version. "We constantly had to cut out stuff that we liked, and often it was the textural stuff. It had to go, because it didn't advance the narrative." The two *Godfather* films ran a total of some six hours in the theater. The TV version is expected to run nine or 10 hours over several nights.

I have no doubt that Altman and Coppola arrived at their decisions independently, but even if one influenced the other, it wouldn't disprove the cultural impact and importance. That second announcement changed both moves into a movement. These announcements by two such successful directors must have a huge effect on others. At once, I think, we can expect, if not believe, that now all major American pictures—and possibly some lesser ones, too—will be made with a view toward future TV revision and expansion.

Up to now TV's influence on theatrical film-making has been mostly in choice of subject and the insistence on color, and I've also heard about alternate versions of risky scenes being shot for later TV use. Conceptually there has been little influence. That will be the big difference. One extreme statement of this possible change is that films may now be made with TV as the real goal in mind, with theatrical exhibition as an intermediary step—something of a parallel with the way a novelist might write a novel with book publication as the final goal but having in mind some cuts by which the manuscript could be condensed for prior magazine publication. Or it may be that no such thing as a film will really exist in any fixed sense; all that will really exist is a roomful of bits of film—several thousand of them—that can be assembled in different ways like modular units in architecture, depending on the relations one wants to emphasize in the space available.

Surely this new double destination would affect the actual shooting of films. Most directors, with rare exceptions like Hitchcock and Jancso, have knowingly shot more film than they needed; they or, more frequently in the US, their producers have "found" the film in the footage. But all of that footage was shot with theaters in mind. Now it seems likely that extra footage will be shot to be saved, not excised, for later use in Version Two.

Coppola's comment was particularly interesting: for the theater, he had to take out "textural stuff" in relation to narrative. This predicates an esthetic view: TV can be used for film modes that are less congenial to the theater screen. The mind connected to the behind in a theater seat has a different set of expectations from that same mind when the behind is on the sofa at home. Time moves differently in the two places, is divided differently; expectations of dramatic climax differ, as the soap opera clearly proves. We saw this new process in reverse with the version of Bergman's *Scenes from a Marriage* that was released in US theaters, an uncomfortably compressed three-hour film reduced from a six-part 300-minute Swedish TV series. Sofa expectations had been jammed into theater-seat expectations, and though much of the material was superb, the time-space profile was wrong. *Nashville* and, especially, *Godfather II* (as I noted in my reviews) showed signs of condensation. Now to *begin* the making of a film with two versions in mind will, for a good director, be a kind of imaginative license, free of at least one formal constriction.

An important aspect of cultural evolution seems implicated here. I've often pointed out that many elements attributed solely to film were originally properties of the theater, such as the idea of genres, the mystique of the star, the "hierophany" of physical matters like scenery and light. Film took over those elements and amplified them greatly. Now TV may stand in something of the relation to film that film has to the theater.

Firstly the size of the TV home screen is apparently going to be greatly enlarged—a very important factor; but even now it's much *closer* to us. Secondly the widespread availability of TV is to film's availability almost as film's is to the theater's. TV films can be seen by many more people than theater films and all on the same night. Thirdly there is the matter of esthetic affinities and explorations, the matter of what TV film can encompass. Begin, for sequential purposes, with a comparison of film and theater. For me the basic esthetic difference is not that one is photographed and the other live; either there is as much life in the film as there is on stage or billions of people have been hoodwinked for 80 years. No, the difference is that everything funnels

(continued on page 35)

Films Worth Seeing

Love and Death. Woody Allen invades Napoleon's invasion of Russia. Often frantic and forced, often funny. Allen's performing and directing get sharper.

Nashville. Mammoth comment on this country through country music. Smoothly whipped along, but less than meets the eye; and ear.

The Passenger. Antonioni. Not much more to say than that, but certainly no less.

Smile. California teen-age beauty contest. The script is stale satire, but the direction (Michael Ritchie) and performances are fresh.

SK

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The Art in Movies

Whatever Happened to Black and White?

How many major black-and-white movies can you think of that have been made in the last five years? I can think of five: *The Wild Child* (1970), *The Last Picture Show* (1971), *Paper Moon* (1973), *Lenny* (1974) and *Young Frankenstein* (1974). In all five, the decision to use monochrome was both calculated and special. There was a time in the not-so-distant when using color was the choice that was calculated and special. What happened and why?

For one thing, television. The simple commercial fact is that films are worth more money to television if they are color films, and film producers care about television sales. Because television escaped from its monochrome prison some 30 years later than movies, it views black-and-white not as a stylish evocation of the texture of the past but a simple reminder of the old-fashioned junk that nobody wants to see anymore. The five black-and-white films I recall above reveal how special, how conscious (indeed self-conscious) the decision to use monochrome has become. The Truffaut film (his only monochrome film since 1965) deliberately evokes the silvery orthochromatic film-stock of the Griffith era (just as the film's irises do), toning the movie's gentle, costumed study of a bygone era with a kind of celluloid that is also saturated with "historicity." The two Bogdanovich films (his only two in monochrome) also evoke cinematic eras of the past—the dusty monochrome of socially-conscious 1930s-40s "dust bowl" films like *The Grapes of Wrath* and *The River* and 1940s-50s Western films like *Red River* (that was also the last picture at the picture show, and that also took place in Texas). *Young Frankenstein* uses monochrome to echo the Universal Studio's Frankenstein genre, emphasizing its pestilential mists, gothic shadows and sparkling electric apparatus. For Mel Brooks, monochrome is merely one element of his film's satirical pastiche (like his use of irises and wipes) as he pulls every (predictable) trick in the (very dull) book.

Lenny's use of monochrome is more interesting. Underlying Bob Fosse's choice seems to be his decision to frame the study of the comedian in a documentary-style context. But not a contemporary documentary-style context (since today's documentaries, both on television and on film, use color), but in the documentary style of the 1960s—the period in which Lenny Bruce came, saw, conquered, fell and died. But while watching *Lenny* I was reminded once again about how beautiful black and white can be—the way that the contrast of light and dark, of gleamingly refracted light off surfaces, of shining shape and shadowy textures could only exist in monochrome and have been lost to us, perhaps forever. I noticed the smoky chiaroscuro of the night-club sequences; the side-lighting of the interview sequences that cast soft shadows on the speakers' faces, as if the light "just happened" to fall through a window and hit them that way; the garish top-and-bottom lighting of the strip-tease sequences that converted Valerie Perrine's body into shining layers of marble, her abdomen and back gleaming brightly, a gray shadow of darkness sandwiched between, running from her armpits to her ankles. Since the monochrome feature film seems to be as dead as the silent film (except, like the silent film, for special, self-conscious effects), I'd like to offer a brief elegy to what has been so very recently and so very quietly lost.

Rudolf Arnheim deplored the use of color in films because it was too real, too much like nature, removing yet another of the ways that the art of film could exploit its differences from nature. Stanley Cavell, conversely, found black-and-white a more "realistic" medium, and a more dramatic one. For years (particularly in the transitional 1950s and '60s) it was assumed that no intimate film could be made in color. Monochrome was the medium of the "art film," of neorealism, of the New Wave, of Bergman, Kurosawa and Buñuel, of the American Realists (Kazan, Huston, Dassin, Rossen), of *Dr. Strangelove*, *The Hustler* and *The Pawnbroker*. But then along came *Red Desert*, *Blow Up*, *Belle de Jour*, *Bonnie and Clyde*, *Day For Night*, *Amarcord*, *Cries and Whispers*, *Thieves Like Us*, *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore* and dozens of other intimate color films that proved that color could be just as intimate as monochrome. So the question can now be raised whether color and monochrome have any inherent effects, strengths and liabilities.

I remember once seeing a black-and-white work-print of a film that a student was shooting in color. There was one very distant, long-lens shot of a group of figures making their way slowly and laboriously across a field toward the camera. In the black-and-white print I was struck by the variety of vertical forms—of reeds in the foreground, swaying gently in the wind; in the vertical forms of the figures, growing steadily but gradually larger as they approached the camera; of the immense verticals of distant trees in the rear-ground, looking like dark shadows cut out of a pale sky. This sense of verticality disappeared completely in the color print that I saw immediately afterward; my eye caught the variations of yellow-orange-brown in the reeds themselves, and the variations in the colors and patterns of the clothing of the figures, and the varying shades of green in the trees, that simply contrasted with the blue sky rather than seeming like dark patches cut out of it.

In that same film, an interior scene was lit entirely by harsh, bright daylight, streaming in through windows, doors and cracks in the ceiling (the house was a dilapidated ruin). The dominant effect of the black-and-white work-print was the intensity of the shadows, the patterns of light and darkness, and the varying rough textures of the walls, floors and objects on which the light cast its glance or its shadow. The dominant effect of the color print was softer and mellower. The color of the walls and floors predominated, rather than their rough textures. Further, those colors softened the contrasting patterns of light and shadow by creating their own unity, which bridged the gulf between light and dark that was created by the lighting alone, making the walls appear a single entity with lighter and darker areas (which of course, they were) rather than a contrasting and conflicting pattern of light and dark forms. Although both views of these same scenes were pleasing, the pleasure was not the same. Indeed the views themselves seemed not the same.

Black-and-white is a medium of unities and contrasts, color of individuation and proliferation. Black-and-white emphasizes shape, line, pattern and

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texture; color calls attention to the minute diversities of objects and within objects themselves. Black-and-white reveals the operations of light upon its opposite, darkness; color reveals the operations of light in giving birth to all the colors of the spectrum. The word "shade" has two primary meanings in reference to light. Monochrome uses one of them: shade (shadow) as opposed to brightness. Color uses the other: all the shades of the spectrum. Black-and-white translates the shades of natural color into shades of gray, in effect translating color shades into different intensities of shadows.

On the one hand black and white are more truly opposites than any two possible shades of the spectrum. Von Sternberg's beautiful effects with key lights (a streak of brilliant light on Dietrich's veiled face surrounded by darkness) are only possible in monochrome. What color would that light and that darkness be in a color film? Would the light be amber (the usual color of dimness—as in candlelight, oil lanterns or low-wattage electric bulbs)? Would the darkness be blueish—the usual color of movie darkness? But then, would her hat, veil and dress be black but the darkness blue? (As opposed to the effect in *Shanghai Express* that her hat, veil and dress are the same shade as the surrounding darkness and even seem to be a part of that darkness.)

Of course one could shoot the scene in a color film using only white and black (like the scene in the rich man's house in Terence Malick's *Badlands* with pure white light, black clothing and white-sheeted furniture as a background). Many of the Fred Astaire color films at MGM try to recapture the effects of his black-and-white films at RKO by shooting at least one sequence using only black-and-white costumes, lighting and decor. (After all, in top-hat and tails, Astaire literally *was* black and white.) Such choices in color films are simply admissions that color cannot *translate* the sharp antithesis of black and white into colors. They can only *copy* that antithesis, as if color were monochrome film.

On the other hand the varying shades of gray are all closer to one another than the varying shades of the spectrum. Whereas in his black-and-white films, the awesome rock formations of John Ford's Monument Valley look like single entities that thrust themselves majestically upward against the light sky, in his color films one notes the ribbons of different-colored rock and marbled layers of sediment within those stone pillars themselves. When a color film wishes to produce the gentle and delicate shading of similarities that monochrome does so well, it is forced to fashion its decor from different shades of the same color (for example a scene in varying pastels of rose, pink and mauve—like "Think Pink" in *Funny Face*). Although such effects can be quite pleasant, they are only appropriate to intentionally artificial settings (perhaps one of the on-stage numbers in a Technicolor musical), since reality is not composed of pastel variations on a single color. Black-and-white, however, imitates reality by producing precisely these kinds of visual simplifications—a simplifying both of natural similarities and of contrasting differences.

Because the cinema is a highly visual art, the "Rule of Five" applies no less to film than to painting. (The "Rule of Five" is an approximate formula for the number of visual elements that the eye can perceive and integrate simultaneously and instantaneously. Although the precise number may be debated, the important implication is that in a spatial art the number of sensual stimuli that can be absorbed and assimilated at any one time is finite.) In the cinema the finiteness of what can be absorbed and assimilated simultaneously is even more complicated and critical than in painting. Firstly, the visual-sensual stimuli themselves are not static; they move. Secondly, there are two kinds of sensual stimuli (sight and sound) operating at once. Thirdly, there are mimetic elements (of plot, dialogue, characterization) to comprehend either through or in addition to the sensual stimuli.

Black-and-white simplifies visual stimuli into harmonious unities and bold contrasts. (One might be tempted to claim that it only exhausts two of the possible five in the rule, but I find such precise quantification shaky.) This simplification frees our concentration for such stimuli as the evocations of the faces of stars, the richness of verbal dialogue, and the complexity of narrative structure. That these were three complementary and corollary characteristics of black-and-white cinema can, I think, be demonstrated by the fact that all three are now in the same state of decline as monochrome.

Of course there are still great movie stars (Robert Redford, Gene Wilder, Jack Nicholson, Gene Hackman), but their total number now seems fewer than that at any of the major studios in the Hollywood era. Without the studios, stars make fewer pictures. But directors make powerful films now with unknowns or nonentities in the principal roles (*2001, If . . ., Thieves Like Us, Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore, Day of the Locusts).* One reason for the decline of stars is that the human beings have more competition in the frame with them in color films, sensual stimuli that divert our attention from the humans. Stanley Cavell noted that human beings in the cinema were not ontologically favored over anything else in nature. The theory has not really been demonstrated, however, until the last decade. In the black-and-white cinema, human beings (in practice, if not necessarily in theory) were very much ontologically favored over nature. Nothing in the frame could compete for our attention with Greta Garbo, Bette Davis, Clark Gable and the rest of them. One of the subtlest visual achievements of the studio era (subtle because it was not perceived as a visual effect) was that of sculpting the light around the star's face so that nothing could be favored over him or her. That principle of lighting has gone with the studios, for the natural locations that films now prefer not only negate the idea of star lighting but make it impossible to achieve.

This same concentration of attention on the star gave more power and control to the scenarist, for he wrote what issued from those sculpted heads. If the stars are fewer and dimmer now than they were, the professional scriptwriter is virtually extinct. The most important and capable filmwriters today are the directors themselves—Coppola, Bergman, Truffaut and so on. In the black-and-white era, the two potential values of a screenplay—richness of dialogue and complexity of structure—were developed by talented men who formed a group that seems today as numerous and as important as that of the very best directors of the era—Jacques Prévert, Charles Spaak, Herman J. Mankiewicz, Ben Hecht, Dudley Nichols, Robert Riskin, Samson Raphaelson, Garson Kanin. The result could be verbal sparkle (*Bringing Up Baby, Woman of the Year, All About Eve, Pat and Mike, Trouble in Paradise*), evocative verbal imagery (*Port of Shadows, The Children of Paradise*), or a complexly literate narrative structure (*The Children of Paradise; Bizarre, Bizarre; Citizen Kane; The Rules of the Game; The Big Sleep; Boudu sauvé des eaux).*

Not that black-and-white was not visually beautiful. It is easy to forget how beautiful black-and-white can be,

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for we rarely get the chance to see it properly. Prints of older films are frequently poor or poorly projected in classrooms, film societies and run-down revival houses. To see a black-and-white film on television is a guarantee not to see it, for the ultra-low-fidelity reproduction washes out the deepest blacks and purest whites, not to mention blurring all the subtle gradations between. On a color television set, black-and-white looks more like purple-gray-and-pale-pink, since the color dots still produce faint hues without any stimulus. The beauty of black-and-white is a cool, quiet, detached beauty, a beauty that perfectly suited the elegance and grace of the now classical films that used it. Coolness, quiet, detachment, elegance and grace are among those cinematic values that the new, violently assaultive, kinetically sensual films have abandoned. And color is one of their primary means of assault, violence and sensuality.

Why did Hitchcock make *Psycho* in black-and-white, sandwiched between almost a decade of color films before it and over a decade after it? Not simply to evoke memories of gothic and horrific film genres. The film's delicate mixture of violent brutality, bizarre sexuality and ironic psychology required the coolness and detachment of black-and-white. Can you imagine the famous slaughter in the shower, with its black blood spotting the tub and swirling down the drain, in color? For one thing, red blood dissipates and turns pink in water. It is the *darkness* of the new liquid in the water that evokes our response. For another, the sight of "real" (red) blood spattered against the tub and swirling down the drain might well have been too loathesome and noxious to watch. (Think of the deliberately nauseating visceral attack of the "broken glass" sequence of *Cries and Whispers*.) The conversion of red blood into black swirls, lines and spots tends to abstract it, troubling our imaginations, not our stomachs. In this cinematic bloodbath, the two opposite opinions of Arnheim and Cavell are both valid. The black-and-white film removes the shower scene from the strictly natural world, increasing its appeal to our imagination and heightening our emotional participation in what seems a "real" and dramatic event. Despite all the critical concern about the violent brutality of the film when it was first released, the remarkable quality of *Psycho* is its cool restraint—and its use of monochrome is both a symptom and a cause of that

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restraint. As usual Hitchcock is the master chef at mixing nature and artifice so that the result is a genuinely horrific, or suspenseful or sexual *fantasy* (and usually some combination of all three).

Color can obviously be very beautiful, but if it is to be visually beautiful and dramatically effective at the same time (rather than simply colorful) it must be carefully tuned. Color can be tuned to parallel monochrome (say, Antonioni's *Red Desert* with its pale gray-brown-green factory sequences, punctuated by the striking oranges and blues of the pipes); it can produce kinetic metaphors to enrich our experience of the film's events (as in *2001, Rosemary's Baby, Lola Montès, Cries and Whispers);* it can produce thematic and symbolic contrasts (as in *Mon Oncle, The Golden Coach, Juliet of the Spirits* and *The Wild Bunch*) that underlie the film's narrative structure. But in so many films, because directors lack the time, the budget or the eye, color is simply there.

In films in which color is simply there and black-and-white is simply there, the black-and-white seems much more beautiful. Black-and-white permits our observation of so many of those lovely accidents ("leaves rippling in the wind") that Lumière first noticed, since its concentrated harmony and diversity calls our eye's attention to such accidents more easily. Given the existence of filmmakers who cannot select visual beauty for the camera (and Brooks and Bogdanovich are, I fear, among those), monochrome film *selects* accidental beauties of necessity, since it "sees" shapes, shadows, forms and textures that the human eye cannot. Perhaps this is one valid application of Rudolf Arnheim's theory of the gap between nature and art: if the filmmaker cannot exercise artistic choices, black-and-white film can. Perhaps for this same reason, black-and-white continues to be the primary medium of serious still photography, whereas color photography is the medium of advertising, travel folders and picture postcards. Often the "prettiest" color movies (say, *The Sound of Music, Death in Venice* or *Ryan's Daughter*) are close cousins to the picture postcard.

There is no point in bewailing the death of black-and-white, for there are too many good color films to compensate for it. Like the death of the silent film, the death of black-and-white marked the end of a style that made artistic virtues of its limitations, and the end of the kind of artists who excelled in that particular style. The theorists who moaned that the birth of synchronized-sound was the death of the art of film some 40 years ago have been proved ridiculously wrong by over four decades of wonderful films. But some virtues died with silence—the genius of physical comedy, for one—and though there are compensations—for example comic talkers like the Marx Brothers, W.C. Fields, Tracy and Hepburn—something has been undeniably lost. As with Brooks's, Bogdanovich's, Truffaut's, and Fosse's reversion to monochrome, the only way to capture the spirit of physical comedy of that earlier era is to revert to it by making a kind of pastiche (as Jacques Tati does). In the history of the arts these stylistic changes are neither losses nor gains but changes. *Le style est mort, vive le style.*

Gerald Mast

Gerald Mast is associate professor of humanities at Richmond College, CUNY, and author of *A Short History of the Movies* (Bobbs Merrill).

Books Considered

Jean-Paul Sartre by Arthur C. Danto

(Viking; $7.95, $2.95 paper)

Jean-Paul Sartre has just turned 70, a man almost blind now and who lately in a series of interviews looked with serenity back over his past achievement and at his present situation as an inveterate writer who has had to forgo writing. But his mind, it is clear, has not stopped working nor has he given up on his project to make himself as he says, absolutely translucid to the gaze of others—the root of evil in his eyes being concealment—and to ponder further incipient queries concerning human beings searching for answers that never satisfy.

He has of late been overshadowed in France by other figures, knows it and shows no bitterness on that or any count, admitting to a life that has come close to fulfillment. From the dialogue recorded in the *Nouvel Observateur* (June 23, 30; July 7, 1975), he emerges as a man of stature, surprisingly vital and lucid, a humane man who has achieved an almost complete detachment from himself and distance without indifference in regard to his world. Whatever his disability, he is not stagnating. New joint publications, on which Simone de Beauvoir and younger friends are collaborating, are in the making. He is not afflicted by revolt or despair, nor by illusion: he freely admits his significant work lies behind him and leaves it to others, preferably the young, to continue his work.

Recently Roland Barthes, one of his successors in the favor of those young, remarked that though Sartre's influence is at present in abeyance, he may well turn out to be the Marx of the 21st century. However that may be, great enough he has undoubtedly been in his own century and it is likely he will so remain, with all his idiosyncrasies (the intellectual "anarchism" he readily recognizes, the stubborn refusal to recognize that he could ever have been on the wrong side of an argument), in a world that is likely to remain revolutionary, though in ways he may not have anticipated, for as long as we can foresee.

In the English-speaking world there has been no dearth of interest in Sartre but a deep reticence in regard to his work as a philosopher, a reflection of the antagonism of the strong analytical movement in American and more especially British philosophy to the so-called Existentialist thinkers. Criticism, though less politically charged than in Europe, has been sharper. Sartre, famous as he knows he is, still looks upon himself as a man unduly hated because of his philosophical stance. This is certainly not a reproach he could address to Mr. Danto. Mr. Danto's appreciation—I eschew the word admiration that Sartre rejects with some vehemence—of the man and the philosophy is unequivocal: "Parisian to the core, committed in love and friendship to the values of freedom and fidelity—even as a character, just as a man, Sartre merits memorialization and admiration. But the singularities of his wider literary contribution, his person and his life, are overshadowed, to my mind, by his extraordinary philosophical craft. The Sartrian system, for its scope and ingenuity, its architectural daring and logical responsibility, its dialectical strengths and human relevance, and for the totality of its vision, is located in the same exalted category, the highest of its kind, as those of Plato and Descartes, Spinoza and Kant, Hegel and Russell to

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cite most of his exiguous peers" (xii). In one sentence he has swept aside most of the objections that philosophers have raised in regard to Sartre.

Not that he is a hagiographer. He is a philosopher who places himself within the analytical movement, but admits his debt to Sartre, Sartre's role in his own "history and world." And it is as a philosopher that he approaches the not so easy task of presenting Sartre's thought in less than 200 pages to the "general literary public," which is the target of the series. In fact Mr. Danto's essay is really addressed to readers with some philosophical knowledge and as he puts it, to "two sets of philosophical readers not always on speaking terms." He is really attempting to bridge the abyss between two vocabularies and, not without humor, has developed a system of double titles such as "Absurdity: or Language and Existence"; "Nothingness: or Consciousness and Ontology" that converts the conceptual content of one set of terms into the terminology of the other while dealing with the concepts themselves without lapsing into either terminology.

For the philosophically alert this is a welcome initiative. On the other hand a kind of three-way discussion is carried on within the book involving Sartre, an antagonistic analytic thinker and an "ecumenical" go-between, Mr. Danto. Consequently on occasion the central themes developed are obscured by the type of technical argument analysts like to indulge in, and are at home in, but which makes the general reader feel as if he were enmeshed in the claims and counter-claims of some abstruse and protracted law suit. The shift from the exposé of a major conception to the critical working out of its semantic inadequacies or of its relation to other related systems is not always entirely successful. The philosopher's concern and his easy reference to a wide range of philosophical positions surely are inevitable when dealing with Sartre. But on occasion it does come into conflict with the brevity and readability required, and does not always blend too well with free-wheeling and breezy comments of "well, the man after all might conceivably be right" type. The book nonetheless gives a welcome impression of almost casual spontaneity and directness, registering as it goes running comments, whether of Mr. Danto's own, concerning "that marvelous book," *Being and Nothingness*, and Sartre's "stunningly original" discussion of "looks"; or his uncertainty in regard to the meaning of a passage, or his feeling that another doesn't make much sense. He enjoys and understands what he calls Sartre's "perverse verbal wit" and "inverted slogans," and decodes their meaning behind their apparent paradoxes with matter-of-fact familiarity and zest, refusing to be put off by the strictures of the formalists.

Given the task at hand he has chosen

his approach wisely. He does not attempt once again to trace Sartre's evolution; this others have done. Nor does he attempt to give a kind of overall view of the Sartrian system. Looking beyond the particular works—philosophical or literary—at the "architectural" system or "total vision" that organizes and unifies the separate parts, Mr. Danto proposes to clarify the central concepts that give the entire corpus its strength, coherence and originality. He is concerned primarily with *Being and Nothingness* and Sartre's earlier works, although he knows what Sartre reiterates in his recent review, that Sartre himself considers his *Critique of Dialectical Reason*, his *Saint Genet* and *The Devil and the Good Lord* as the crucial formulations of his thought. So that one dimension perhaps of Sartre's work, though occasionally adumbrated, is unexplored. His approach is, as he says, "structural and synchronic, treating Sartre's system timelessly, disregarding in favor of logical reconstruction such interesting questions as the development of the system in Sartre's thought and the system's location in the history of philosophy." Of these he has distinguished five, each of which is examined in a separate chapter, each of which involves more than the Sartrian undertaking: they mesh into the wider concerns of contemporary philosophy as a whole. In other words Mr. Danto wishes to show and shows most clearly that Sartre's work covers an important and legitimate ground of philosophy inquiry. The key concepts in these five areas are the following:

1) The "relationship between reality and our representation of it," that is one of the realms of the "absurd"—a chapter in which Mr. Danto's criticisms of Sartre's concepts are most rigorous.

2) The "parities between language and consciousness from the perspective of ontological commitment," that is the discussion of Sartre's much misunderstood use of the term "nothingness." This is a lengthy, more technical and ultimately perhaps the most helpful chapter of the five, involving as it does a clarification of Sartre's view of the primary structures of consciousness.

3) The much more familiar realm of engagement, or as Mr. Danto translates its meaning, "the relationship between the world as it may be in itself and as it is structured through our interventions as engaged beings," illustrated thereby the kind of reading in depth and in context Sartre's sometimes deceptively familiar but actually highly condensed vocabulary requires.

4) The problem of "other minds," the lengthiest chapter of the five, where one senses an ambivalence in Mr. Danto's appreciation: on the one hand his admiration for the power, truth and richness of Sartre's psychological insights, on the other, the sense that the philosophical analyses behind them are "haywire and perverse."

5) The all too brief concluding chapter

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most helpfully clarifies the concept of anguish, deromanticizing it in the process, and examines the question of moral choice, action and values.

All in all this is a most useful approach to the work of Sartre. It is not an introduction by any means; it requires a basic familiarity with Sartre's work. But it lays the groundwork for a fair and enlightened appreciation of the questions Sartre was wrestling with. It is no substitute for the *reading* of Sartre. Indeed the "synoptic and sympathetic reconstruction" of the whole promised in the preface does not quite materialize: the parts are there and the friendly though critical approach that does not question the power, integrity and good faith of a fellow-thinker. The dimension of the whole is somewhat obscured in the process. Nonetheless this small and unpretentious volume may well mark a turning point in Sartrian studies and a clearer appreciation of Sartre's originality and stature. In a series that, in spite of some notable exceptions—Conor Cruise O'Brien's volume on Camus for instance—has achieved considerable distinction, it is a valuable addition to the immense corpus of commentary that has accrued around Sartre's work, and a most timely one.

Germaine Brée

Germaine Brée is Kenan Professor of Humanities at Wake Forest University.

The Nature of Greek Myths by G.S. Kirk

(Overlook Press, $15.00)

Mythology is serious business. In a sense it subsumes religion, philosophy, psychology, anthropology, literature and the arts, and it dangles before man's eyes the prospect of insight into the fundamental nature of his mind or his early life on the planet. Not surprisingly it has attracted some brilliant investigators: James Frazer, Max Müller, Freud, Jung, Robert Graves, to name a few. But mythology is a fickle goddess, and her call to knowledge induces a kind of madness. Specifically if her knowledge is all that basic it ought somehow to be at heart a simple, unitary principle whose effects could be traced within the inexorable operation of selective variation. Thus mythologists, like heretics in the early Church, become obsessive each with his own single revealed truth. Diatribe generally smothers dialogue.

Greek mythology presents special problems on several scores: it has been well known and beloved for 2500 years; it has had an enormous influence on the literature, art and music of Western civilization; it continues to supply names for everything from space ships to male contraceptives, but it is the despair of the anthropologically-oriented mythologist, since it almost never fits the theories he has so carefully nurtured in the upper Amazon or on the lower Zambezi. Two main factors set it apart: at least as early as the time of Hesiod, about 700 BC, it was distorted by rationalizing systemization; and alone of major mythological systems it is known chiefly through its utilization in the work of first-rate creative geniuses who have molded it to their own purposes: among them the two poets we call Homer, the Athenian tragedians and Roman writers like Virgil and Ovid.

Geoffrey Kirk, who is the new Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge, now provides an informed, readable, intelligent approach to a messy, if interesting situation. He is a classicist and his focus in classical, but he is exceedingly well informed about the raw and the cooked and what the mythologists of the last hundred years have made of them. The present work might be said to be the third stage in an evolution which began with his Sather Lectures at Berkeley and continued with *Myth, its Meaning and Functions in Ancient and Other Cultures* (Univ. of California Press, 1970). It differs from the latter in being intended for a more general audience, thus dropping some of the apparatus of scholarly documentation, and also in working out further some of the author's views about Greek mythology including the process by which it was created, its manifestation in some of the Greek myths, and its relation to the beginnings of Greek philosophy. This is not a book to read for a narrative account of Greek mythology in its varied forms. For that, to avoid the cloying atmosphere of Bulfinch or Edith Hamilton, the reader might try Philip Mayerson's *Classical Mythology in Literature, Art, and Music* (Xerox College Publishing, 1971) or Meyer Reinhold's *Past and Present. The Continuity of Classical Myths* (Hakkert, 1972).

Kirk's work is divided into three parts. In the first, "The Nature of Myths," he gives a masterful critique of the major theories of mythology as expounded in the 19th and 20th centuries, including the relation of myth to folktale, legend and other overlapping concepts. His own definition of a myth is disarmingly broad, "a traditional tale," but even so is perhaps not broad enough. Mythmaking seems to me a more continuous process than even Kirk admits, not only among the Greeks, but throughout history. Myths have not yet become traditional when they spring from their begetter's brain, but they are already myths. Kirk rejects all monolithic theories of mythology, but seeks to retain insights derivable from the application of such theories to individual features of individual myths. He tends to be more sympathetic with the structural analyses of Lévi-Strauss than with psychological, etiological or ritualistic theories.

The second part of the book is called "The Greek Myths" and examines selected myths about the gods, the early history of man and the heroes. It is here that Kirk slips occasionally, like other mythologists, into subjectivity or broad statements which require precarious definition. Are myths of the gods in Greece really "sparse" as he says, or are Greek myths in general "limited in fantasy"? "Early" and "late" seem rather casually tossed about at times, but in fact Kirk takes the end of the Mycenaean age as a watershed. Special attention is given to the mythical life of Herakles, the nucleus of which Kirk sees in the polarity of nature and culture, confirmed by the special relationship of Herakles to those strange combinations of the bestial and the civilized known as Centaurs. This is original and should appeal to the followers of Lévi-Strauss. But is it fair to say that the choice of labors for Herakles does not support the traditional interpretation of him as a culture hero who makes the earth habitable for men? That certainly is what the ancient world thought the myth meant, and the story would not be the first in which the examples did not logically clinch the thesis.

A third part of the book is labeled "Influences and Transformations." It examines the very small number of cases in which myth and ritual are closely associated in Greece, the extensive influence on the Greeks of the myths of western Asia, including Mesopotamia, Syria and Anatolia, and the development from myth to philosophy. The oriental origin of a substantial part of Greek mythology, and the relatively small

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influence of Egypt upon it, is not new, but Kirk treats the topic well. His views on the relationship between mythology and philosophy are novel and deserve attention, though he seems to me unfair in his quotation and rejection of W.K.C. Guthrie. According to Kirk the commonly advanced antithesis of religious or mythical thinking on the one hand and philosphical or rational thinking on the other is false. Myth, he insists, is not fundamentally irrational, though when he seeks to demonstrate this he usually falls back on rational details which help make the myth vivid, rather than on a general rationality. Aristotle would classify a good myth as an impossible probability. Kirk is more persuasive in claiming that the attempt of early Greek philosophers to define the single material from which the world is derived is essentially analogous to the mythical views of the natural generation of the world from the sexual acts of gods. The genetic model, Kirk feels, is first rejected by Heraklitus who perceived that the cosmos is regulated by causal laws, analogous to Zeus's regulation of the world order through justice. "The development of philosophy in Greece," he concludes, "was not the result of a sudden discovery of mind'" (the term of Bruno Snell). "It was closer to a spiritual and emotional Odyssey lasting for many hundreds of years, in which story-telling, social preoccupation, migration, literacy, conservatism and religion all played their part." We may agree.

There is a table of References to British Publications at the end. The reader will be reassured to discover that the *Yale Classical Studies*, the *Harvard Theological Review* and Nilsson's *Geschichte der griechischen Religion* achieve that high standard of approval. On the other hand, the US printer who set the dust jacket does not know how to spell Euripides.

George Kennedy

George Kennedy is Paddison Professor of Classics at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

C. P. Cavafy, Collected Poems translated by Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherrard

(Princeton University Press; $20.00)

Cavafy, a Critical Biography by Robert Liddell

(Duckworth; £4.95)

C.P. Cavafy is the great isolated figure of modern letters. Almost unknown during his lifetime, he lived in a remote land and wrote in a highly personal, complex idiom of a neglected language. His idiosyncratic style is without significant literary debts, just as it has had little discernible influence on others. His subject matter is often recondite or uncongenial. Yet he remains an enormously commanding presence with whom we must somehow come to terms; for though he is probably a less profound thinker than some of his European contemporaries, in other respects he may well be the most original poet of the 20th century. I imagine that for most readers in English he is known, if at all, for one or two somewhat overrated poems in inadequate translation. Although there have been several previous attempts to render him into English, the results have been far less successful than those in French and Italian, demonstrating more than anything else the overwhelming impossibilities that hamstring any would-be translator. Now at last, however, we have an important English biography and a competent translation of almost all Cavafy's poems, based on the definitive text established by his brilliant editor, George Savidis; finally it is possible for English readers to take some measure of this major poet.

Mr. Liddell's biography of Cavafy, excellent though it is, only confirms what one had suspected all along, that the facts of the poet's life are without much interest. As George Seferis observed years ago, "outside his poems Cavafy does not exist." The full portrait that emerges from Mr. Liddell's painstaking labors tells us much more about the man but scarcely more about the poet than E. M. Forster's early sketch—simply because there is so little to tell. Cavafy's youth was dominated by his mother and an aunt, because his father had died when he was only seven. The little formal education he had seems to have occurred mostly in England, where the family lived in his early years; his unGreek way of signing his name attests to a life-long anglophilia, and we are told he spoke Greek always with a slight, doubtless affected, English accent. When he was 14, his family lost their money, and he was to spend the rest of his life in comparative poverty, living in Alexandria, employed in the "Third Circle of Irrigation," a tedious post in the municipal bureaucracy which sounds as though it had been contrived by the combined efforts of Dante and Kafka. In the afternoons he moonlighted as a stockbroker, and nights invariably found him prowling seamy taverns and homosexual brothels. For the last 25 years of his life he lived alone in a fusty flat, over-filled with furniture, worn velours, family photographs, third-rate bric-à-brac and a few books, located over a whorehouse in a grubby quarter. He died of cancer in 1933, on the morning of his 70th birthday.

Out of this shabby, banal life and a small amount of reading in history came the great poems of (in his phrase) "passions and ancient days." Cavafy was that rare phenomenon, a poet of old age. Most of the youthful poetry he allowed to survive is fairly commonplace and often emits an embarrassing *fin-de-siècle* odor of *eau-de-roses*. It was not until he was almost 50 that he found his true voice, and then, for 20 years, his growth as a poet is continuously, astonishingly impressive. During his lifetime he published little, however, preferring merely to circulate copies among friends in an Elizabethan fashion. Yet he never seems to have doubted his ultimate reputation.

For many years Cavafy was secretive about his scandalous love poetry and chose to describe himself as an "historical poet." Although it may seem convenient to separate his historical from his erotic poems, it is misleading to do so; for as Seferis remarked, after about 1910 his work "should be read and judged not as a series of separate poems, but as one and the same poem." To most readers much of his history will seem obscurely peripheral. But then both his Alexandrianism and his homosexuality inevitably contrived to place Cavafy on peripheries, to make him, as Forster put

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it, a man standing at a slight angle to the universe. The glories of the age of Homer or of Pericles are almost wholly neglected in his poetry, and Athens itself is only mentioned once. His is not so much Hellenic as Hellenistic history: an acerb chronicle of waning Hellenism, the inevitable triumph of oriental barbarism, and the vagaries of destiny enacted on the fringes of the Greek world, in Egypt, Syria, Italy and Byzantium. Cavafy's historical poems seize upon moments of loss, surrender and the deliquescence of a greater into a lesser world. The deaths of Achilles and Sarpedon, Caesar and Nero, Mithridates and Aristoboulos, are glossed as *exempla* of fate's mockery; whole civilizations, whether that of Troy or the Achaian League or the little kingdom of Commagene, are ignominiously snuffed out; and the triumph of the pale Galilean merely hastens the etiolation of time. Down the labyrinthine passageways of history, disasters and Pyrrhic victories—Marathon, Thermopylae, Magnesia, Pydna, Pharsalus, Actium—provide the only signpost, until we arrive at a *terrain vague* where pristine nobility has degenerated into the obstinacy and opportunism of Julian the Apostate, the internecine squabbles of the late Byzantine empire. For an Alexandrian Greek, history can perhaps only be ironic; but it should come as no surprise to learn that Cavafy was also an assiduous reader and annotator of Gibbon.

Cavafy is able to redeem but little from this inexorable process of decline and fall: a few instances of personal nobility, the glory of having been a Hellene, the knowledge that neither Ithaca nor Actium is really important—that it is the journey that mattered, and the sensuous music of Alexandria. Even though the oracles are dead, not so much in a Plutarchan sense as because of grim *Realpolitik*, the ancient gods still walk across the hills and down darkened city streets. There are also, to be sure, valuable lessons to be learned if one is wise enough to perceive them; for of course history repeats itself. Yet in the end it is not for their didacticism that these poems are great, but rather for their astute historical perceptivity, their mordant realism, their Browningesque evocation of character and their amber entrapment of evanescent moments.

If for Cavafy there are no authentic triumphs in history, neither are there in love. His so-called love poems tell a similar story of loss and defeat, stressing the relentless advance of old age and the impermanence of beauty and affection. His most characteristic lovers die young, are separated by the necessity of taking a job elsewhere, or, worse, go off to a higher bidder. Cavafy insists on the illicit, unhealthy, barren nature of homosexual love—all his adjectives for it are uncomplimentary—but he does so with neither apology nor boasting. It is simply a fact of his poetry, as it was of his life. Moreover he claimed that the first characteristic of the artist was "calm of spirit and complete pardon in the face of things which arouse the indignation and rebukes of the vulgar." Except perhaps in two early poems, he does not indulge himself, as so many of his contemporaries elsewhere did, in extravagant and compensatory claims for the love that dares not speak its name. Nor, on the other hand, does he express regret, which he calls "needless, futile." Despite early half-hearted attempts, nightly betrayed, to give up his way of life, in his mature poetry the one thing he is sure of is that one should accede to the demands of desire, however illicit or forbidden.

Yet these may be the strangest, saddest love poems in all literature. For the one emotion most conspicuously absent from them is precisely that of love. They are poems about sex, not love. In one or possibly two late instances Cavafy almost achieves what one would call genuine love poems, expressing something beyond esoteric torment; but in the rest his subject is pure sexual longing and fulfillment in a world of *louches* cafes and sordid beds, grimy working boys and furtive erections. The warmth of naked flesh and the lawlessness of pleasure are evoked again and again with a heady immediacy poetry has rarely achieved; and passion is recollected in no tranquillity whatsoever. It is hard to think of another poet since Sappho, even in 19th century France, who has more sharply depicted the agonies and joys of raw physical lust.

The poignancy, of course, is that sex, unlike love, is transitory. Cavafy's painful acceptance of this fact is reflected in his ruthless insistence on precise dates and ages, all of them gone by. But he also recognized that the fleeting moment could be captured forever in poetry through memory. Memory—that great theme of modern literature—is in fact the ultimate subject of these poems, and Cavafy is in every sense the most Proustian of poets. As with Proust, it is time remembered and memory anticipated, the predatory threat of *l'oubli* and the redemptive timelessness of art, that obsess him. Desire is for what was once known, and fulfillment, however sordid, is meaningful as something that will one day be evoked by memory in poetry ("Their Beginning"). Where else but in Proust do we find such precise, analytic depictions of the way memory works? Where else is the erotic force of memory more subtly conveyed?

I'd like to speak of this memory,
but it's so faded now
—as though nothing's left—
because it was so long ago,
in my adolescent years.

A skin as though of jasmine . . .
that August evening—was it August?—
I can still just recall the eyes:
blue, I think they were . . .
Ah yes, blue: a sapphire blue.

The tone of voice in this little poem ("Long Ago"), so admirably brought over by Messrs. Keeley and Sherrard, is pure Cavafy. Surely no poet has ever spoken with such a recognizably unique voice. Flat, dry, detached, usually astringent, ineffably resonant, it is immediately identifiable. His unornamented style is not simply the result of the fact that Cavafy detested adjectives, or that, as he explains in "Morning Sea," he was distracted from appreciating landscape, or that he pushes poetry as far as it can go towards prose. It is, much more, the precise reflection of an innate cast of mind.

None of Cavafy's extraordinary linguistic subtleties can be rendered into another language, but, as Auden recognized, in the hands of a gifted translator his remarkable tone can. I have several strictures about this new English version of Cavafy. The translators often seem to me more sensitive to the nuances of Modern Greek than of English: they confuse, for example, *traitor* with *betrayer*, *old* with *from long ago*, and *fooling around* with *fooling*, and they even unwittingly (I hope) introduce an obscenity where none exists in the original. I find their ungrammatical usages ("Who could I talk to?"), however colloquially intended, jarring. For my

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taste, they are too often given to contractions, and at times they render the Greek into abrupter rhythms than seems necessary. I suspect, in fact, that they and I hear English quite differently. Once or twice they stumble into translatorese ("reaching for a shelf to bring down/some photographs"). And although they announce a sensible policy for the vexing problems of transliteration, they not only fail to follow it ("Mebis") but permit themselves downright absurdities ("Selefkids"). A very few of the greatest poems, such as "Following the Recipe of the Ancient Greco-Syrian Magicians," escape their skillful snares almost entirely. Yet all these are niggling cavils in view of what they have achieved. For they have managed the miracle of capturing this elusive, inimitable, unforgettable voice. It is the most haunting voice I know in modern poetry.

Walter Kaiser

Walter Kaiser is professor of comparative literature at Harvard and translator of *Three Secret Poems* by George Seferis (Harvard University Press).

Nader and the Power of Everyman by Hays Gorey

(Grosset & Dunlap; $10.00)

Ralph Nader, who thinks convertibles should be outlawed, went for a ride in Andy Kopkind's canvass topped Mustang and didn't even latch the seat belt. Kopkind, now a writer in Boston, was amused that Ralph didn't buckle up and told people about it at Washington parties. Nader got wind of the chatter and instructed Kopkind to shut up; he was endangering Nader's work.

Ralph Nader accepted a ride home from a party at FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson's house in the Corvair of his lawyer friend Si Lazarus. Lazarus was speeding on Massachusetts Avenue when they heard the police siren. Nader was upset. He could just see the headlines: NADER CAUGHT SPEEDING IN CORVAIR. Lazarus got a ticket, and Nader was not recognized by the cop. Some time later when Nader's associate Mark Green needed an anecdote for a talk he was giving and asked Lazarus if he knew a funny Nader story, Si told him about Nader's Narrow Escape. After Green stopped laughing he said, "Oh I couldn't tell that, Ralph wouldn't think it's funny."

Ralph Nader published his book *Unsafe at Any Speed* soon after finishing a study of car safety for the Labor Department. Nader's biographer Charles McCarry implies that Nader made commercial use of research done at government expense. Anne Zill worked on Nader's maligned Congress Project and after she quit made plans to publish a book of her own about Congress. Nader threatened to sue her since she had done much of her book research while on the small salary he paid her.

On many occasions Nader has exhibited the fear that his political enemies will catch him in a human failing, or what passes for one, and that his work will be hurt as a result. As Hays Gorey states in his walleyed pro-Nader book, Ralph doesn't like people taking an interest in his "private" life. He is very secretive. He is not the sort one would ordinarily expect to see promoting whistleblowing (snitching in the public interest) and railing against secrecy, yet he does. "Secrecy," writes Gorey, "is foremost among the hobgoblins that Nader would exorcise not only from government and the corporate board rooms, but from free society." "Secrecy," Nader told Gorey, "prevent[s] the people from knowing about and evaluating their public servants." Gorey says Nader makes a quarter of a million dollars a year in writing and speaking fees "that he in effect gives away," and that he keeps only a pittance for himself to live on. I would like to see Gorey document that. We've seen Nixon's tax returns but has anyone seen Ralph's? Nader has always refused to discuss his personal finances except to encourage the popular assumption that he keeps nothing for himself. Nader's stockbroker Charles Fedora, who handled Ralph's personal account at Hirsch & Co. and later at F.I. Dupont Glore Forgan & Co. won't discuss the nature of Nader's investments.

On November 19, 1972 *The New York Times* published on page 31 a short Associated Press story imparting the news that Ralph Nader's Public Citizen Inc. had raised $1.1 million in its first year of solicitations. Most of the 62,000 contributions were very small. But "the two biggest contributors gave $5000 apiece." The news story was based on Public Citizen's first annual report. "Asked for the names of the biggest contributors to Public Citizen," the story continued, "a spokesman for Mr. Nader declined for the time being. He had not asked the contributors for permission to use their names and could not identify them until he obtained permission from them, he said." Several months later a freelance writer working on a piece for *National Journal* asked Nader and his right-hand man Ted Jacobs to identify the largest contributors to Nader's tax exempt fund raising organ. They refused, not once but three times. It so happened that Maurice Stans, raising funds for President Nixon's 1972 reelection campaign had also promised anonymity to contributors, that is to those who gave before the April 7, 1972 effective date of a new campaign finance disclosure law that Ralph Nader supported. When the *National Journal* writer Ted Jacqueney told Nader he planned to compare Nader's position on disclosing contributions with Stans's, Ralph changed his mind and identified by name three individuals as the *largest* donors. Each of the three, it was said, had given a round thousand dollars. Recall now that the Associated Press story said there were two unnamed $5000 givers. Public Citizen's annual report said, on page three, that contributions "ranged from $1 to $5000." Why the secrecy? Why the discrepancy? Former Nader aide Lowell Dodge says that the handling of money is Nader's most closely guarded secret.

Another major crusade of Nader's is tax loopholes and the windfall they give businessmen—"corporate welfare," he calls it. The tax system, Gorey quotes Nader as saying, "is an indirect subsidy to corporations and other privileged groups . . . in effect huge payments by the government of money it would otherwise have received." Nader sued the Treasury Department under the Freedom of Information Act to find out who was responsible for a ruling that made it possible for big contributors to make a number of $3000 tax-free contributions to sham political committees raising money for presidential campaigns. Ralph Nader himself is the willing beneficiary of corporate welfare. Public Citizen, for example, applied to IRS for tax exempt status. Ralph De Toledano, the conservative columnist, tells the story of how, when Nader was to be paid $3500 for a 1972 speech at Laval University in Quebec, there was a provision in his contract "that he would not be paid until 1973 so that he could take advantage of one of those tax gimmicks he is always criticizing." When

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Ralph's older brother bought an $80,000 house in Washington and society columnist Maxine Cheshire was planning to write a story about an allegedly false rumor that Ralph had money in the house, she talked to Nader about it. She says he went on at length about what a terrific tax advantage there is to be had in home ownership.

His publisher says that "Hays Gorey has written the first complete account of Ralph Nader" and that his book "goes beyond the myth." It isn't and he doesn't. This is the fourth book to have been written specifically about Nader and it is neither the best nor the most complete. Robert F. Buckhorn in 1972 published *Nader: The People's Lawyer*, which like Gorey's is a puff for Nader. Buckhorn tended to insights such as the following: "Without an ego to nourish, without a desire for political power, and without debts to any vested interest, Nader is sincere when he says . . . that he is 'absolutely not interested,' in a political office." Thomas Whiteside of *The New Yorker* did a long magazine piece and a book called *The Investigation of Ralph Nader: General Motors vs. One Determined Man*. Whiteside was fascinated by such character-revealing details as the fact that Nader waits for a light to turn green before crossing a deserted New York street late at night when no one is there to observe him but a *New Yorker* writer. Ralph De Toledano's occasionally inaccurate new book attacking Nader from the right, *Hit and Run: The Rise & Fall of Ralph Nader*, contains some rare and interesting dirt that a disinterested fellow like Hays Gorey wouldn't go near. Unfortunately for credibility, De Toledano is a conservative with no love of Nader's substantial accomplishments hence he can be discredited as in league with Nader's corporate enemies. Charles McCarry, in his 1972 biography, *Citizen Nader*, captured Ralph like a bug in a bottle. McCarry is a discerning writer, critical but fair. And he may be the reason that Hays Gorey does not presume to call what he's done a biography, but "rather, an attempt to put additional flesh, blood—and warts—on the skeletal public image of this most private individual."

That, by the way, is how Gorey writes. He's been a *Time* correspondent in Washington for 10 years and it shows. The loaded adjectives and adverbs he marshals are bedazzling. Since 30 or 40 percent of this book is not about Nader at all but rather a casual history of America in the '70s with particular stress on Watergate, Gorey at the outset locates his principal characters as of December 31, 1971, "the New Year's Eve freest of both the portents and the fallout of Watergate that the nation would see for years to come." Nixon was in the "sunbathed splendor" of the Florida Keys about to board his "festively decorated" 707 jet. Agnew was in "meteorologically temperate" Palm Springs. Nader was in his "ramshackle office" in Washington about to go home to his "sparsely furnished, paper-strewn" room. Let there be no doubt that Gorey is flinging the reader toward the profound juxtaposition of Nader and Nixon. So it is, while Nader was using his freelance powers to reform the political system, to win rights for individuals, and to oppose corporate and government bigness, President Nixon was using official power to subvert

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democracy, profit corporations and demonstrate contempt for the people.

The contrasts are ready but are they accurate? Nixon these days is easy prey; he's a fish in a barrel. Treating Nader's complexities is more difficult and Gorey is not up to much more than chewing over and swallowing the well-known, totally unacceptable nonsense about Ralph Nader, which was recently stated, most beautifully, I thought, by Joan Rivers on "The $10,000 Pyramid." As the comedienne put it, "He's the only honest man in America." Let's recite it together: Nader is the unique American hero—totally honest, selfless, hard-working, modest; he's devoted to no other interest but the public's (whatever that is); he's disdainful of money, property, sex, personal power, conventional pleasure and Coca Cola.

Gorey of course lists all the Nader faults he can think of but they, wouldn't ya know it, turn out to be virtues carried to extremes: he works too hard, is sensitive, gets carried away, exaggerates, spreads himself too thin, rationalizes his mistakes and so on. As for Nixon "the secretiveness, paranoia and outright rejection of any criticism sealed [his] eventual doom."

I've known Nader for the same 10 years that Gorey has been watching him and have come to a contrary conclusion, that Nader's similarities to Nixon are more striking and numerous than the differences. Whether comparisons or contrasts are more apt may turn out to be rather crucial if Gore Vidal, Nicholas von Hoffman, Mary McGrory and Hays Gorey have their way and Nader winds up in the White House. What is the public interest when a zealot runs for President?

David Sanford

David Sanford is finishing a book of reminiscences about Mr. Nader called *Me and Ralph* which will be published next spring by The New Republic Book Company.

The Back of the Book

Experimental Animals

In April of this year *The New York Times* printed an open letter of protest by Alexander Dubček to the Czech government. A Czech playwright, Václav Havel, soon submitted another protest letter releasing it simultaneously to the world press. This combination of protests made the authorities nervous and either as a result, or because they had been looking for an excuse all along, the police raided the houses of Czech writers, confiscating works in progress. Perhaps in anticipation of such reprisals, Vašek, the hero of Ludvík Vaculík's *The Guinea Pigs* keeps his manuscript hidden in the guinea pigs' cage. The fact that the State guards seem to know his every move frightens him, "and I wouldn't want them to know about my every thought, meant for the eyes of my young readers."

The Guinea Pigs and Milan Kundera's short stories, *Laughable Loves*, are the first two reprints published by Penguin Books in an important new series, "Writers from the Other Europe." The series is under the general editorship and inspiration of Philip Roth, who has written an astute introduction to the Kundera volume. Two Polish works are due in January, *This Way For the Gas* by Tadeusz Borowski, and Tadeusz Konwicki's *A Dreambook of Our Time*. Two Yugoslav novels will be out next summer. If all the books are as good as the first two, we soon will have an abundance of genius on our hands.

The Guinea Pigs is a story of experimental animals, and is something of a guinea pig itself: tormented, playful, observant, in hiding. Vašek the bank clerk, his school teacher wife Eva, and their two boys, young Vašek and Pavel, are model animals, except for the father's incubative madness. Like Dostoyevsky's Golyadkin (*The Double*), another terrorized civil servant, Vašek is equally a prisoner of the State and of his feelings about being watched and noted. He decides to brighten his life by giving his children guinea pigs for Christmas.

There is nothing like a man for bringing out the animal in an animal. Here the animal emerging is two-legged; the guinea pigs are made to be afraid, resourceful, cooperative and competitive in turns according to the growing obsessiveness of their keeper. Vašek brings the little creatures torture and reward, but uncertainty above all. He tests them—they are guinea pigs after all—but his experiments have no pattern or context outside the momentary pleasure of a mind quietly and precisely becoming murderous. The guinea pigs become something else.

In the poem "Pike" Ted Hughes made a fish so large that it was "too immense to stir" in a pond "as deep as England." Vaculík's guinea pigs also grow large, until one of them finally fills the cavernous imagination of Vašek—some size. When that happens, man and guinea pig suffer the consequences of complementarity; each fills the other's capacities. A battle follows, a duel in the dark, after which the winner/loser returns triumphant to his cage, ready to resume the business of insanity as usual.

The resumption—dogged, steady—is the core nightmare of Vaculík's fantasy. Busy busy, Vašek and his fellow bank clerks return to their cages every morning, while children and teachers return to school, revert to type. The weather changes abruptly, without nuance. Houses and conversations do not change. Animals are purchased as Christmas gifts to perk up domestic tranquility. As with our hero's mind, the decorating is interior.

Outside the home, meanwhile, there is a national economic crisis (or is it business as usual?). For years, forever, the bank clerks have been stuffing bills in their pockets and other places, trying to make it past the guards at closing. For years the guards have caught most of them; but a lot of the stolen money is never returned to the vaults. There results a "mysterious circulation," money not accounted for, not restored to the system either at once or eventually; apparently vanished. Some fear a depression in the shape of a maelstrom.

One plot of *The Guinea Pigs* has Vašek searching to discover the nature of the mysterious circulation, and to learn if and how the maelstrom will come. As he searches he has already descended into his private maelstrom of the other plot, the tiny zoo story. He is a family man,

COMING
An Open Letter to
Heinrich Böll and Arthur Miller

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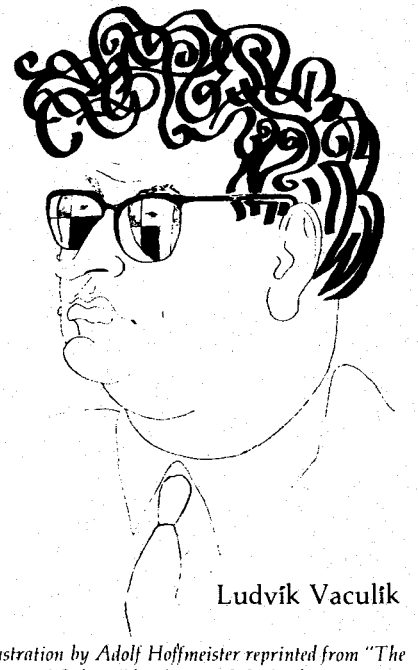
our hero, with two boys and three guinea pigs whom he fathers with the petty tyrannies of the daddy in Joyce's "Counterparts." Little Vašek is his own counterpart who occasionally revenges himself on the old man. "Children are just like adults," said Vaculík to Antonin J. Liehm in *The Politics of Culture* (Grove Press); "the unreliable lad, the one who promised to bring a frog but didn't, is just the same now . . . except that maybe now he's a cabinet minister." Vašek is only slightly more successful at cruelty to animals than to children, but at the end of the story he still has time on his side.

The way he talks to his boys is the way they talk to each other is the way he talks to us—needling. "My dear young readers," he says early on; and as the novel simultaneously tightens and goes haywire we are reminded that we too have been put in the position of small boys and guinea pigs. Poking at us through the narrative, what plans does Vašek have for us? In fact he does torment the reader at one point, deliberately answering our worst fears, and then reversing himself—saying that the monstrosity he previously described never occurred—at which we feel no relief. Yet what have we to fear from Vašek, imprisoned Czech bank clerk, made crazy by the State, locked in his cage by the State?

Vaculík would answer that Vasek is not a prisoner of a state of government, but of a state of mind, from which we're never safe. He said as much in an interview for *The Nation* (May 21, 1973): "[I want to create] something that won't remind the readers of the regime. I want to write as if current conditions did not exist, or as if I felt at ease with them. You see, if a person feels obliged to write exclusively against the government, he has actually submitted to the government's prohibition to write about other things." This is logical, but it rings false. Richard Wilbur said the strength of the genii comes from his being in the bottle; and the strength of Vaculík (the novelist, not the interviewee) is similarly derived. Pathologically there may be no difference between a tormenter of children in a free state or a prison camp, but the difference in terms of art is enormous; the difference between little murders and tragedy.

For Vašek is a guinea pig himself, as all are guinea pigs under a government. The more abstract and unpredictable the government, the greater peril for the animals; their home life becomes shaky; they buy no cottages in the country. Under such a system everything in in miniature, except one's fears. They grow infinitely, feeding on their own mysterious circulation, and eventually may get to be as big as the ruby eye of a guinea pig in the dark.

At the outset of the story Vašek tells us that this will be a book about "Nature." Immediately he veers to the side, pretending that by Nature he means country life or the guinea pigs' behavior. But he means Nature in its



Ludvík Vaculík

Illustration by Adolf Hoffmeister reprinted from "The Politics of Culture" by Antonin J. Liehm by permission of Grove Press, Inc. © 1968 by A. J. Liehm.

most dreadful depth, the Nature known to Poe who was an economist of a special competence, whose mysteriously circulating maelstrom whirled down in the tortured mind. Vašek the tormenter is more tormented than he knows, because he is tormented by the mind that might tell him. That he does not feel so tormented constitutes his gravest suffering, for he may prod and maim perpetually with no satisfaction. Observed externally by "an ideal observer," Vašek cannot be reached. Nothing, not even the great god guinea pig can help him.

The healthy thing to do with one's demon, said Vaculík, "is to project him outside yourself, into something external, that you can still do something with." Like a guinea pig or a novel. In a world where the police burn the novels, one can always turn to drowning guinea pigs or abusing children in order to feel alive and kicking. Then the demon is externalized ultimately, Vaculík shows us. He lives in our own sweet paws.

Roger Rosenblatt

Correspondence

Searching for Purpose

To the editors:

In your article, "Searching for Purpose" (*TNR*, June 28) you bring out a question which is, in my mind, of very great importance. I fail to see how we are going to meet the many questions of environment, fuel, natural resources, etc., under our present set-up. The idea to allow uranium to be mined and sold by private enterprise brings this to a booming head.

How can corporations, whose main reason for existence is the payment of profits to the stockholders, handle the exploitation of our natural resources with any regard for the environment and future needs? This planet, as we all know, does not have unlimited resources. Those in charge of the resources should be people who are in a position to have a wider outlook for the public good and for the future generations. I am afraid this can only be the government, not that I am impressed with out present government, but perhaps it will change.

Percy Selden
Houston, Texas

Ruckelshaus of Ill Repute

To the editors:

I take strong exception to your July 19 editorial in which you impugn the integrity of William D. Ruckelshaus, former head of the Environmental Protection Agency, in representing the polyvinyl chloride industry before the EPA.

I am quite frankly appalled that you would choose to believe that a man of Bill Ruckelshaus's proven personal integrity, demonstrated dramatically before the entire country at the height of the Watergate experience, would suddenly divest himself of his well-honed ethical standards and those of his distinguished forebears, whom I knew intimately.

Aware as you most assuredly must be of William Ruckelshaus's mental and legal talents, your editorial would have had infinitely more impact, in addition to accuracy, if it had dwelt [*sic*] with the advancement in ethical standards and

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positive accomplishments that a man like Ruckelshaus effects in anything he undertakes.

The work of William Ruckelshaus and his courageous wife Jill in the public and private sectors attests clearly to what it is they are truly seeking.

A printed retraction of the mistaken judgment expressed in your editorial is manifestly called for.

John Q. Adams
New York, New York

Indiring Usage

To the editors:

One of the reasons for my devotion to *The New Republic* is that I cherish its respect for the English language, a rare phenomenon indeed. It gave me a jolt, therefore, when I saw your cartoon of Mrs. Gandhi with the caption "Who Were You Expecting—?" (Oliphant, July 19).

The fact that the near-abolition of the form "whom" is one of the most widely practiced mutilations of our language is no excuse for a distinguished magazine to join in such atrocities. At least you are still using the plural form of verbs when this is indicated. There isn't many "media people" in my part of the country of whom that can be said.

Eric W. Benton
Centerville, Ohio

FDA's Downers

To the editors:

Mr. Pekkanen's article on Librium and Valium ("The Tranquilizer War," *TNR*, July 19) characterizes the FDA's success in regulation as some kind of victory over an insidious enemy, which I feel it clearly was not. I see it as a bureaucratic encroachment into a doctor's judgment of his patient's needs.

The FDA, if it desired, could make a strong case for the abuse of aspirin in this country.

More importantly, Mr. Pekkanen (and the FDA) missed entirely the social issue here. Had the forces which "triumphed" over Librium and Valium applied as much effort to obtaining better mental health services for those who cannot afford it, the control of Librium and Valium would be achieved in a much more natural and effective way—the elimination of the emotional need!

Albert Kline
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Siam Sorry

To the editors:

Oriana Fallaci's marvelously-timed interview with Moraji Desai (*TNR*, Aug. 2 & 9) was extremely interesting. However, Ms. Fallaci could use a geography lesson; Burma, not Thailand, is India's immediate neighbor to the east.

John Bowmar
Boston, Massachusetts

Finding Alternative Energy Sources

To the editors:

In your July 5 & 12 issue you had three articles on the oil/energy problem. As usual they were depressing. Mr. Yergin ("Calling OPEC's Bluff") pointed out that a major reason why Ford's destructive program will generally win out is that neither Congress nor the public understands the problem sufficiently to form a consensus on what ought to be done. Far from taking too long to develop a program as charged by Ford, the Congress has not spent enough time.

It is quite a new step for Congress to try to do this: develop both an energy policy *and* an energy program. I would not expect much in a few months; and they have not produced much. The press, however, has served the public badly by climbing on Ford's charge that Congress is wasting time and ought to act quickly. The press might have required Ford to explain what the rush was all about, and why Congress shouldn't satisfy itself that it had enough information to make intelligent policy decisions?

Both Schultze's ("Another Oil Recession") and Marshall's ("Oil Double-Talk") findings are suitably frightening. Mr. Yergin's proposals are good first steps, but raise these questions:

1) If the oil companies are not brought to heel much more effectively, such federal actions as proposed will be temporary and the oil companies will move heaven and earth to reverse them. At a minimum oil imports, exports and investment decisions must be publicly controlled to accomplish Yergin's goals.

2) A conservation program *must* be implemented together with a realistic new sources program. Even in *The New Republic* the discussion of new energy sources is lean. The problems and controversies attendant to oil shale, coal gassification and atomic energy suggest that investment funds and R&D monies should not be wasted here. Federal money and emphasis should be on geothermal, wind, solar and similar environment impact-free energy sources, together with the development of vastly improved energy storage systems; it should begin and remain publicly controlled.

Barry W. Strejcek
Washington Local,
Democratic Socialist
Organizing Committee

Communications Gap

Several errors resulting from garbled cable transmissions from Portugal were made in "Dateline Lisbon," by Tad Szulc (*TNR*, August 16 & 23). One sentence on page 16 should have read "There was a brief wave of fear late in July when Gen. Carvalho, a member of the new three-man military Directorate supposedly running the country and commander of the security forces (COPCON), announced on his return from Cuba that the time may have come to place 'counterrevolutionaries' in the Lisbon bullring, presumably as prisoners." The name of Professor Teixeira Moreira was misspelled. A line on page 17 should have read "That was the end of the fourth post-revolutionary cabinet." A sentence on page 18 should be corrected to read: "The same goes for the military 'Cultural Dynamization' branch, which carries out revolutionary propaganda."

The Editors

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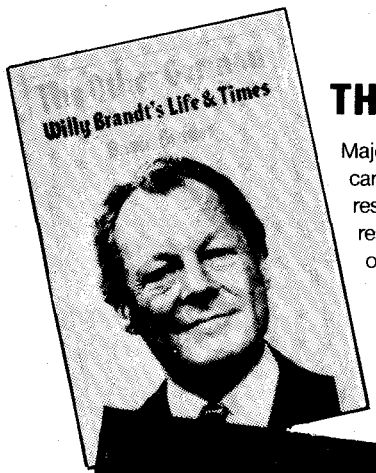

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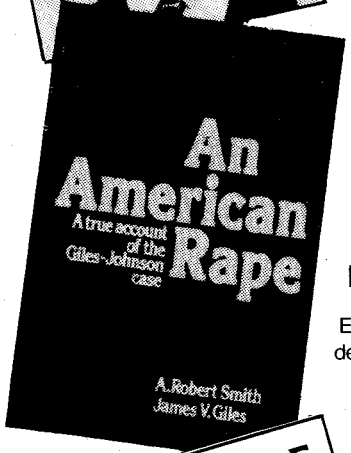

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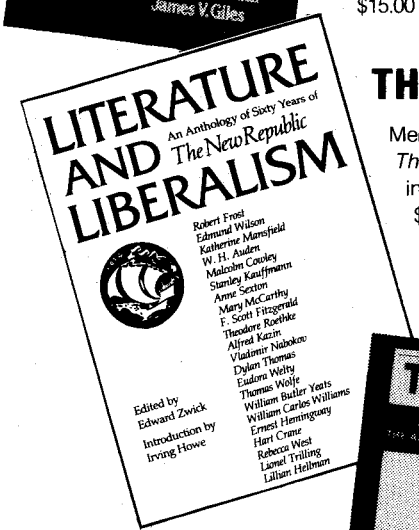

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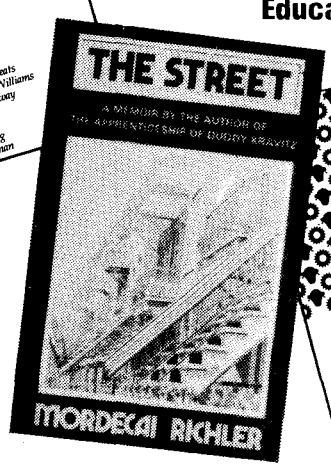

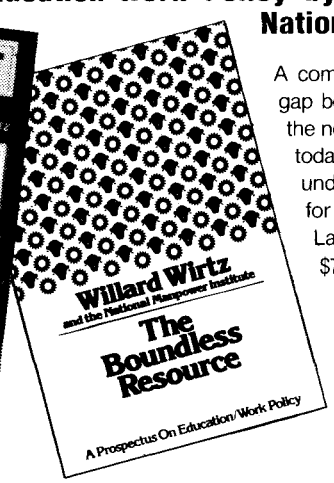

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Author's Query

For a full-length biography of Rockwell Kent that will deal with the complete range of his activities I would appreciate hearing from people who knew him.

David Traxel
Research Office
National Collection of Fine Arts
Smithsonian Institution
Washington, DC

Kauffmann, *from page 20*

into one place in the theater, even though the scenery may change; but in the film, even though you stay in the same seat, the places change, and the views of the same place change. Thus the theater's movement is the movement of actors; but the film's movement is double, the movement of actors and of places, of actors and the world. Because of this it's long been clear that, despite the use of actors and of buildings similar to traditional theaters, the film is formally more connected with the novel than with the play. Still, since it was shown in a theater, to a theater audience, it worked under many of the same expectations as the play. Now the film *made* to be seen alone, *made* to be seen in the same environment in which one does one's reading, can to some degree unburden itself of theatrical expectation and can quite consciously aim for more of the esthetic domain of the novel. This is *not* to say that it would or should be "literary." It would do its work as "textural" film. And since the material for the two versions will all have to be made during the same shooting period, the director will need two heads at once, not two heads in tandem. (In all of this I'm deliberately disregarding the current films made for TV. Most of them, as I've sampled them, are just poor imitations of theater films.)

Then, not incidentally, there is the question of criticism. Which is the "real" *Nashville*? When the critic later sees the elongated *Nashville* on TV and finds, if he does, that it has a depth that the theater version never reached, should he feel enraged at having had to endure a knowingly inferior version several years before? When he sees the next Coppola film and finds it unsatisfactory, if he does, should he say, "But of course this is only an interim report. For final judgment we'll have to wait until the material is re-edited and expanded on TV." And what of the many TV versions of theater films that are bound to be worse than the originals, bloated and overloaded? Ought critics to protest the distortion? Will a new purism arise in the land?

Of course much of film-making everywhere, even in the US, will be untouched by this new TV consideration, but it's very possible that a great deal of film will be affected. And it's just possible that there's an irony waiting for theatrical films, especially those that are "unadaptable" for TV. Will theatrical films move into a cultural position cognate to that now held by the theater itself—unique, irreplaceable, invaluable but relatively elitist? Will the ascending order of audience size and interest be theater, theatrical film, TV film? And will some cinematic Grotowski of the future have to search out reasons for the purely theatrical film to continue to exist, will he have to work out a redemptive philosophy for the film that is made only for theaters? Will this century yet see the publication of *Towards a Poor Film*?

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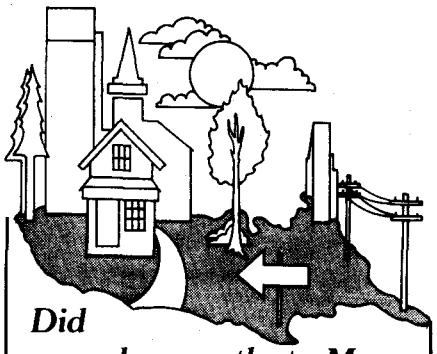

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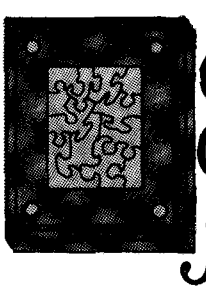

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